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MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH
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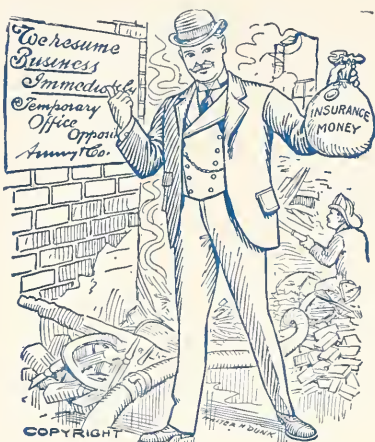
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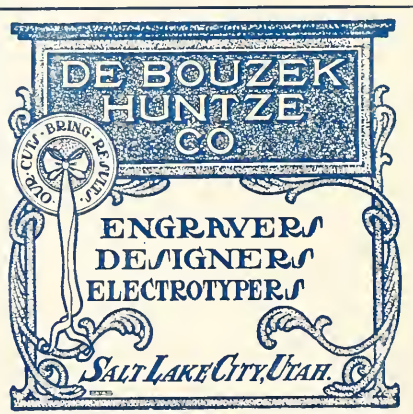
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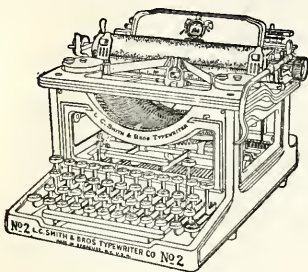
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WRITE REGISTRAR FOR PARTICULARS

Bishop W. F. Rawson, of Carey, Idaho, writes May 23: "I have been a subscriber for the **Era** for a good number of years and I not only receive it but read it, and it is a very choice magazine to me."

A. Rowley Babcock, a missionary, writing from New Haven, Connecticut, May 10, says: "We find the **Era** to be very influential in the making of friends. We pass them from friend to friend until the magazines are almost worn out."

General Louis Botha, has been made premier of the first union ministry of the single central government, under which the four South African colonies—the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Transvaal, and Orange River Colony, passed, June 1, by their own act and with the approval of the Imperial government. Nine years ago Botha commanded the Boer forces, which withstood the British forces so long in the South African war. He devoted himself after the war to the reorganization of the political institutions under British control, and the Boer parties under his direction have become dominant in all the four colonies, except Natal.

New Bishoprics for St. Johns, Arizona were chosen at the quarterly conference of the St. Johns stake, held on the 28th and 29th of May. President Francis M. Lyman and Elder Anthony W. Ivins, of the Quorum of Apostles, were present. On Sunday, 29th, the bishopric of the St. Johns ward was honorably released on account of the removal of Bishop O. E. Overson to Chattanooga to study law. LeRoy Gibbons was sustained as bishop, with Brigham Y. Petersen and Joy Patterson counselors. A new ward was organized, on Wednesday evening, at the Concho branch of the St. Johns ward, and this new ward is to be known as Hunt, and includes the settlements of Concho, Hunt and Mineral. Asael H. Smith was sustained as bishop, with Joseph C. Kempe as first counselor. The retiring bishopric O. E. Overson, B. Y. Petersen, and E. I. Whiting, went out of office with the love and esteem of all the Saints of the ward.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American Flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around. such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. * * * * And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only **light**, and every fold significant of liberty.—Henry Ward Beecher.

IMPROVEMENT ERA, JULY, 1910.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDWARD H. ANDERSON,	}	Editors	HEBER J. GRANT, Business Manager MORONI SNOW, Assistant
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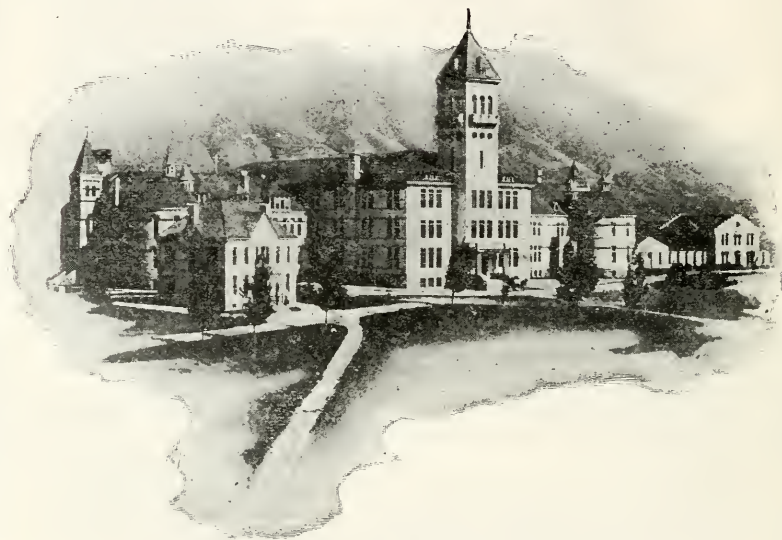
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WRITE FOR A CATALOGUE

ADDRESS THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, U. A. C., LOGAN, UTAH

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XIII.

JULY, 1910.

No 9.

Development of Home Interests—Temporal and Spiritual.

BY PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

[This opening address of President Joseph F. Smith at the eightieth annual conference of the Church, April, 1910, is so laden with good counsel relating to the temporal and spiritual salvation of the people, that readers of the ERA, young and old, will find it worthy of careful consideration. It embodies his wise counsel to the people to colonize only in localities approved by authorities of the Church; and to stay at home, thus avoiding so much purposeless roaming from place to place. It breathes the spirit of his advice to the people to cultivate, intensely and intelligently, their lands, and to develop unitedly the bounteous resources around them, by the encouragement and establishment of home industries. It has reference to his counsels to parents to teach their children the gospel in the home by precept and example; and contains exhortations to the Saints otherwise to comply with the practical precepts of our religion.—EDWARD H. ANDERSON.]

I must confess that I do not feel adequate to the task of speaking to you this morning, but I hope the good Spirit from the Lord may rest upon us, not only during the time I may occupy, but throughout the entire meeting, and, indeed, throughout the sessions of this conference. I feel in my heart to say to this vast congregation, God bless you and pour out his Holy Spirit upon

you. May he reward you, by its rich outpouring, for your presence here, which indicates your faith and your desire to be present at the general conference of the Church to take part in the services and exercises thereof, and show that unity, that interest, that love and devotion to the work of the Lord, which should characterize the lives and acts of every member of the Church. It is almost marvelous, considering the condition of the weather, to see such a vast congregation as is assembled here today at the opening session of our conference; and, again, from my heart I thank you for your attendance, and for the interest you feel in the work of the Lord in which we are all engaged. I feel, in my soul, that those who have come, sparing the time and the means necessary, to attend the conference here, will not go away at the conclusion of our meetings either barren or unfruitful, for I believe the Lord will bless you and pour out his Spirit upon you in abundance.

I take it for granted that the vast majority of those assembled here today are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in good standing, and I would that this might be said of every soul that is present; for it is my belief that there is no greater honor, nor can there be any greater blessing obtained by man in this world, or in the world to come, than to be members in the Church of Christ in good fellowship with him.

There are one or two matters that have rested upon my mind of late. While there are many things that might be spoken of here today, or at least hinted at, or simply mentioned, they will be more fully spoken of, unquestionably, by those who shall occupy the stand during our conference. But one thing has seemed to impress itself very strongly upon my mind, and I desire to say a few words in relation to it. It may be considered a secular matter, but to me it is both spiritual and temporal. I do not think it would be possible for me to appreciate very highly that sort of salvation that is only spiritual. I desire to see, and to witness, and to embrace the religion that is both temporal and spiritual, and to participate in and enjoy the salvation that is both temporal and spiritual. The matter that I refer to is home building and the providing of places to dwell for the children of the Latter-day Saints.

We have witnessed a disposition, among some of our people, to want to draw off and go away almost limitless distances from the body of the Church—a disposition to scatter abroad, rather than to gather together, and a tendency of our children to go away from their homes, to seek homes for themselves somewhere else, in some other state, or territory, or country, away off from their parental homes. Now, it appears to me that there are almost limitless opportunities and advantages yet to be utilized, not only here in the state of Utah, but in the nearby or adjoining states, where our young people may find lands and build homes for themselves without wandering away off into South America or into southern Mexico, or into any other foreign country. It is being demonstrated that there are within our reach, under our very eyes, large tracts of country that only needed either co-operation of labor or capital to bring it under cultivation and to render it susceptible of building good homes, and towns, and villages. It is, in my judgment, wise, prudent and proper for our young people to try to secure for themselves lands as near to their homes as possible, near the homes of their parents, and as closely associated as possible with the communities of the Church, that they may have the advantages of Sunday schools, Improvement associations, and Primary associations; in other words that they may have the advantages of Church organizations for the benefit of their children, as well as for their own benefit. While they are thus reaping the benefits and blessings of these privileges at home, they are building up this country, instead of leaving it to the stranger to come here and build it up,—and, perhaps a class of strangers that we could not affiliate with, or who could not affiliate with us. There are classes of people we know of in the world who are not, or at least have not proved themselves to be up-to-date, desirable neighbors and pleasant associates; but they, this class, are seeking dwelling places, seeking opportunities, both in our country and elsewhere, and it is just as well that our own people—our own boys and girls, should build up among us as for the stranger to come from abroad, from distant countries, to occupy the land instead of them. I want to say to this congregation that we have not approved, and we do not approve of this disposition that has manifested itself, to some extent, on the

part of some of our brethren, to go away off into some distant country where neither life, nor liberty, nor property is safe. We would rather see our people operate together, and help to build up and develop this country so long as there is room for us to dwell. When the necessity comes for us to colonize, we may do it in some organized way by which, in the doing of it, all concerned may obtain the best and greatest advantages and reap the greatest benefit to themselves.

Now, I want it understood that I do not hold to the idea that one little state, perhaps, is going to be sufficiently large to accommodate all the Latter-day Saints, or that the Church of Jesus Christ will of necessity be confined within small limits. I do not view it in this way; but I wish it understood that when it becomes necessary for the Latter-day Saints to colonize in distant lands, or away from the body of the Church, that it is best to do it under the sanction, approval and counsel of the presiding authorities of the Church, and of leading men who have experience, and the welfare of the people at heart, who can direct their energies and their course, and help them to colonize, where it is necessary for them to colonize and build homes. Briefly stating it, in my opinion it is proper, it is wisdom, indeed, I think it is a necessity for the Latter-day Saints to take every advantage they possibly can to secure homes for themselves in Utah, in Idaho, in Wyoming and Colorado, in the adjoining states here and in our own country—in our blessed America—under our grand and glorious government, where life, property and the liberties of men may be protected and not jeopardized by mob violence, by revolutions, or by any sort of disruption that so often occurs in some of our neighboring countries. Of course, I commend and approve of our colonies, formed by authority and guidance of the Church in northern Mexico and in Canada, and recommend them to homeseekers who desire to go there.

In connection with this matter, I think it is wisdom for us, as agriculturists, to study agriculture and to become able to produce out of an acre of ground as much as the "heathen Chinese," or as any other people can produce from the same ground. I do not see why we cannot learn to cultivate the soil as intelligently and as profitably as any other class of people in the world; and yet it is a

well-known fact that up to the present we have not devoted that attention, care, thoughtfulness, or that intelligence to agriculture in our country that we should have done, and that we are now learning to do by the aid of schools where men who desire to follow agriculture may learn the nature of the soil and all the other conditions necessary to produce the largest results for their labor.

Now, another thing. The thought has prevailed in olden time that it was proper, and an effort used to be made to get our people everywhere to co-operate together, to combine their energies and their little means in the establishment of home industries that will give employment to themselves and to their children, and will be productive not only of those things that are needful for us in our homes and country, but that will be a source of revenue to us by transportation. Today we have allowed this home industry spirit almost to perish from among us, and that spirit of loyalty which impels a man or a woman to sustain home industry by their patronage is almost a thing of the past. We do not witness that same loyalty among the people to patronize home industries and institutions, that are established by ourselves or our communities, intended for the building up of the country, and for the production of those things that are needful to society. We do not exhibit that spirit of loyalty towards these things that we should do. In my opinion, there are too many of us that would rather go to a "cheap John" establishment and buy shoddy—because we can get it a few pence less per yard—than to go to a home-producing establishment and buy cloth that is all wool and a yard wide, and that will wear, and pay the price for it. It is a short-sighted idea and policy for us to patronize foreign capital, foreign labor, when we can produce the same articles in a better condition and class, at home by our own labor, giving ourselves employment, and thereby build up our country and preserve our money at home.

These things will, no doubt, be referred to, more or less, by the brethren who shall speak during the conference, and they may dwell upon these matters at greater length.

I desire to say that "Mormonism," as it is called, is still, as always, nothing more and nothing less than the power of God unto salvation, unto every soul that will receive it honestly and will obey it. I say to you, my brethren, sisters and friends, that all

Latter-day Saints, wherever you find them, provided they are true to their name, to their calling and to their understanding of the gospel, are people who stand for truth and for honor, for virtue and for purity of life, for honesty in business and in religion, people who stand for God and for his righteousness, for God's truth and his work in the earth, which aims for the salvation of the children of men, for their salvation from the evils of the world, from the pernicious habits of wicked men and from all those things that degrade, dishonor or destroy; or tend to lessen the vitality and life, the honor and godliness among the people of the earth. I love the gospel today more than I ever did before in all my life. I believe more firmly—if such a thing can be possible—in the divine mission of Christ and in the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith than ever before. I feel in every fibre of my being that they have been sent of God, that they have laid the foundations for life everlasting to the world. I believe that Christ is, indeed, the Redeemer from sin and death, and the only door that has ever been opened, to my understanding, at least, whereby man may live again after he has died. I believe in these principles, I have received them, I have accepted them in my soul, and I feel that they are true. I know that they are good, for they incite men to deeds of honor, of virtue, of honesty and of uprightness; they make men feel that it is their duty as well as their privilege—and it is a glorious privilege, too—to obey God and keep his commandments, that they might be worthy to meet him and enjoy an inheritance in his kingdom, to partake of his glory and of his salvation. Let the people be united, and not divided one against another. In union we have strength, but in division and discord we become like water spilled upon the ground, that cannot be gathered up. Let the people be united in their worship of God, united in their faith, united in their love of all that is good, noble and Godlike, united one with another in helping to establish the standard of peace and righteousness in the earth, that all men may come to it and partake of its blessings and glory. Let your light so shine that the world may see it and be constrained to glorify God therefor.

I feel again in my heart to bless you, and I pray that we may have power given to us, one and all, to stand in the truth—firm

and faithful, unbending and unyielding to any of the things to the contrary that come from the outside. Let us attend to our prayers. Do not forget that the Lord Almighty has said, "I will be inquired of by you," and, "he that seeketh me early shall find me." The Lord has made it obligatory upon us to seek after him, to have prayerful hearts and spirits, that we may supplicate the Lord, if for nothing more than to acknowledge to him that we feel that we are his children, and believe in his word and in the promises that he has made to us. While he may have blest us with all the temporal blessings that are necessary for our happiness and well being, and we need not ask him for food, for clothing nor for houses, or where to lay our heads—we can, at the same time acknowledge to the Lord our gratitude that he has so overruled all things, so provided for us and opened our way, that we have been able to obtain all these things and surround ourselves with the temporal blessings of life. Surely the Lord has been very merciful and very providential to us, up to this time, with reference to all these things.

Another requirement that I wish to mention is that the parents in Zion will be held responsible for the acts of their children, not only until they become eight years old, but, perhaps, throughout all the lives of their children, provided they have neglected their duty to their children while they were under their care and guidance, and the parents were responsible for them. One thing I deplore, and that is the fact that I can scarcely go onto the street or sidewalk but I see one to a dozen or more boys in their teens—with pipes of tobacco in their mouths, puffing away in the open. When I see them, I think, Oh, what a pity! Oh, what a shame! How foolish, how imbecile, how useless and how injurious is this practice to the youth of the people! I deplore the sight of it wherever I see it. I want to tell those present, who are in the habit of using these things, that when you meet me in the street with a pipe, cigarette or a cigar in your mouths, please do not recognize me—go right by, and I will do the same. I never did like to bow to a nasty, old, stinking pipe nor to take my hat off to it. (Laughter.) I deplore the habit that many of the youth of this city, many of the youth of this state, aye, and of everywhere—not only in this state, but everywhere else—falling

into this pernicious, useless and injurious habit—costly, too, and no return, it is simply an outlay for injury. I think it would be quite as manly if they would take directly to the use of opium, and use it until they killed themselves quickly. It would be sooner over with to do that than to take the slower means of reaching death by sucking a pipe, cigarette or something of that kind. Again, respecting intoxication. I want to say to you that we deplore the existence of this evil in any community, anywhere; and we deplore the fact that it may possibly be said—I do not say it is so, but I deplore the fact that it may be said that some of the members of the Church are patrons of saloons. I would to God it could not be said in truth, and I hope the time will come when no man in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will ever condescend or so humiliate himself as to enter into a saloon, or to even cross the threshold of those places of death. I hope the time will come when this can be said. I cannot see how it is possible for Latter-day Saints to claim to be members of the Church, in good standing, or expect to receive the blessings and advantages of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, while they themselves are violating some of these most precious principles of purity of life that the Lord has made manifest to us in this dispensation. Leave these poisonous and injurious things alone; live within your means; get out of debt and keep out of debt; do not run faster than you can go safely; be careful and cautious in what you do; advise with those who have wisdom and experience, before you leap, lest you leap into the dark: and so guard yourself from possible evil and disadvantage, that the Lord can pour out the blessings of heaven upon you, yes, “open the windows of heaven” and pour out upon you blessings, that you shall scarcely have room to contain them.

Remember the commandment of the Lord concerning the law of revenue for the Church. We are doing the best we know how, by the advice and counsel of the wisest men we have, and by the inspiration, as we trust, from the Lord, in the use and employment of the means that belong to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Up to date, I do not believe there is one of the brethren connected with the management of the financial affairs of the Church who will be or can be in the least

ashamed of the course that he has taken, or of the work that he has done or consented to the doing with reference to the expenditure of the Church means. Not a dollar has been expended, so far as I have any knowledge, contrary to the laws of the Church, or contrary to that which is deemed, by the wisest men we have, to be for the best good of our cause. It is true we are building meetinghouses all over the land—that is, we are helping; we can't do it all, we are not in a position to do even half of it, but we are helping hundreds of our wards to build their meetinghouses, according to the means that we have. We expect to be able to continue to do this; but there are a great many people in the Church whose names are recorded in a book—some of you would be surprised, I am sure, to see that book, called the record of the non-tithepayers. I believe that if all these members, whose names are recorded in the book as non-tithepayers, would pay anything like an honest one-tenth of their interest annually, into the bishop's store-house, we would have means to build all the meetinghouses in Zion that it is necessary to build. We could not build them all this year, or next year, but we could build some this year, as far as the means would go; a few next year, as far as the means would go,—and so we would keep on until we would build meetinghouses and schoolhouses for all the Latter-day Saints in every part of the land. But we can't do it yet—there are too many non-tithepayers. Now, whether these people do not believe in the law of tithing, or whether they are disgruntled for some other cause, or whether they are so poor they could not pay their tithing, or what may be the reason, they do not do it, I do not know the reason, but I believe that if they only knew what would be for their best good, they would observe and keep that law, though they were only able to give their little mite toward it, and thus have their names at least recorded on the tithpayer's list and record. It would be a good thing for them to do it, because of the blessing attached to the observance of the law. I repeat again that if all the Latter-day Saints would pay an honest tithing, we would have plenty of means to build all the meetinghouses that we need,—that is, gradually, as we would have the means to do it with.

Again, the Lord God Almighty bless you. My heart is full of

blessing for the Latter-day Saints. I love the man, with all my heart, who I know is an honest, upright, true, faithful Latter-day Saint. A man of this description is one of the best citizens of any country; he is a good citizen of any city, of any county, of any state, or of any nation wherever he may be; and he is one of the *very best*. A real Latter-day Saint is a good husband, he is a good father, he is a good neighbor, he is a good citizen, and a good man all around; and it takes a good Latter-day Saint to be a first class everything else. Again—the Lord bless you, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

Oh, Never be Sad.

Oh, never be sad, the world don't care for the story of sorrowing hearts,

It opens its ears only to those, who some joyous tale imparts.

Oh, never sit grieving o'er vanished years, or thinking of what might have been;

The worth of the past is the strength it gives to the future with chances to win.

Don't worry for fear the coming years, will still hide the pearl you seek,
But think of the toiler who plants and waits, e'er he can the harvest reap.

Look well to the future, with brightness and joy, the boon that is coming your way,

No mortal e'er yet in quest of grief went, that found not, I'll venture to say.

The future has all that the past can boast, its prospects are many and rare,

So every day that's dealt out to you, pray live it with judgment and care.

We know not how soon the curtain will fall, and our part in life's play be done,

But certain is joy, if we know we have filled the cup of sorrow to none.

SARAH E. MITTON.

Japan, the Ideal Mission Field.

BY ELDER ALMA O. TAYLOR, LATE PRESIDENT OF THE MISSION.

Japan is the paradise of the Orient. Nature has clothed her landscape in a beauty that fascinates, and gives to her life a mystery that attracts. Health is abundant. Liberty is untrammelled. Respect and courtesy are charmingly exhibited in every circle of society.



SISTER KUMA NABESHIMA.

Japan was my "home, sweet home" for eight and a half years. Her people were my companions and friends for the same length of time. I learned to eat with chopsticks, to sit with legs folded upon the floor, to enjoy and understand conversations carried on around the little charcoal brasiers (hearthstones of Japanese homes). I have come to appreciate,

to a degree, the distinctive art and music of Japan. And, at last, I am absolutely convinced that the people are worthy of the time spent, money used, and labor performed by the Latter-day Saints among them. Indeed, they are worthy of more noble and more patient efforts than we have made. My own eight and a half years mission in Japan was none too long for me, and I hope not too long for the Japanese.

There is a fascination in missionary work among a pagan people that is not known by missionaries in Christian lands. The Japan mission gives the opportunity to appreciate the work of St.

Paul among the ancient pagans, and to taste with him the joy and satisfaction that come with the conversion of souls from the altars of idolatry. There is an opportunity in that mission for the devel-



MR. HIROHARU IKUTA.

Critic of the Japanese translation of the Book of Mormon.

opment of a greater individual faith, and a broader religious conception than in other fields, because of the fact that arguments and reasons for our claims must come largely from ourselves, and not be borrowed from others. For example: an elder addressing a pagan audience cannot declare with effect or convincing power that Jesus is the Christ because the Bible or some modern prophet says so. He has to show that Jesus is the Christ by sound reasoning, based upon the exercise of his own intelligence and the inspiration of heaven direct to him. Or, in other words, the successful elder stands

upon his own faith in the doctrines he declares, and cannot establish the truth of any proposition simply by appealing to the words of John, Peter or Paul. He succeeds best by earnestly and prayerfully seeking the evidences which God has amply provided in his own creations and dealings, and by using these evidences under the direction of the Holy Spirit.

I remember being asked to address an audience in Salt Lake City, before I went to Japan, on the subject "Why I am a Latter-day Saint." After stating that my birth and bringing up in the Church were the first and foundation reasons for my being a Latter-day Saint, I proceeded to quote scripture to show that "Mormonism" was true. I am not ashamed of that speech, but I often smile when I think of the effect, or rather the lack of effect, such a speech would have on an audience in Japan, where we have to give a reason for our faith independent of the Bible and the scriptures. Is it not true that men who use the scriptures only, as authority for everything they believe, manifest a decided lack of independent thinking; become, as it were, dependent upon

others, having little or no original, self-discovered reasons or foundations for their belief? Not that I think man can improve upon the testimony of scripture, but I enquire as to what some men would stand on if the holy scriptures and oracles were all taken away? In Japan the elders have to preach God and Jesus Christ, not in the name of Paul, John, Peter, Nephi, Samuel, Joseph Smith, or any other prophet, but in their own names and through the testimony of their own works. The elders need, then, to understand God and the Only Begotten Son and their works, by themselves and for themselves, and to have their faith based, not upon the words of the prophets alone, but, as far as possible, upon the foundations upon which the prophets themselves stood. I believe the Japan mission is more like St. Paul's, (leaving out his persecutions) than any other mission.



KATSUZO NASU.
A Young Convert.

The prayers of the good Saints throughout the world, offered in behalf of the Japan mission, have not been in vain. The elders have felt the support of these prayers and hope the Saints will not cease to pray for their brothers and sisters in those islands, for they need heavenly blessings now and in the future, just as they have needed and received them in the past. The work in Japan has been, is, and, I firmly believe, will be fruitful. Some have supposed that the vineyard was barren and the soil unfit for the gospel vine. But such doubters are too impatient, and altogether mistaken. The elders have not labored in vain. Their achievements are as great as the achievements made



Takeshiro Sakuraba.
Teacher in a Tokyo
High School.

by any elders in any mission in the same number of years. Comparisons are odious and figures misleading. The point to bear in mind is that Japan was an uncleared, unplowed, almost pristine, pagan field when the pioneer missionaries arrived. The marvel is, not that a nation was not born in a day, but that in eight years a

terribly weak force of missionaries laid in Japan the foundation of a beautiful branch of the kingdom of God. It requires much besides good intentions and earnestness to preach the gospel. The teacher should know his students and adapt his methods to them. It requires time and patience for the missionaries to understand the Japanese character and mould their methods accordingly. It requires time and determination to get ability sufficient to clearly



A few of our Japanese brothers and sisters residing at Tokyo. Back row, extreme right: Sister Nami Hakii, first female convert in Japan.

express Christian principles in a pagan tongue. It requires time and patience to translate scripture into Oriental hieroglyphics. It requires time and sacrifice to gain a correct knowledge of far eastern customs and adapt ourselves to them sufficiently to assure the Orientals that our motives are good and our hearts sincere. It takes time for the pagan mind to grasp and the pagan heart to feel the plan of salvation through Christ. I repeat, therefore, that the marvel is, not that the Japanese nation was not born into the fold of Christ in a day, but that in a little over eight years enough distinctive literature of the Church and tracts are trans-

lated to enable the missionaries to work aggressively, and that there is a good, faithful colony of thirty-seven Latter-day Saints who are willing to suffer and make sacrifice for the truth, and who endure and obey as all true Saints do—this is the marvel. And in this marvelous achievement the power and blessing and support of heaven have been so clearly manifested that it is almost an insult to our Father to think, let alone say, that the missionaries in Japan are accomplishing nothing.

The Saints in Japan not only love each other, but they are interested in the welfare of their brothers and sisters all over the world. They inquire about them, they rejoice with them and mourn with them. They are in every way worthy of our reciprocal love and esteem and prayers. The Holy Spirit is working in the Japan mission. Signs follow the believers there as elsewhere. The Saints are enjoying the blessings of the gospel. Testimony meetings are favored with the presence and demonstrations of the Comforter. Peace and happiness fill the heart of every sincere member. All this indicates that the blood of Israel is there. The Lord acknowledges our Japanese brothers and sisters as his children.

There was a time, some years ago, when it seemed that our converts were not firm. We have had to excommunicate five. This was discouraging, but an experience and lesson we needed badly. I don't think the Lord will impose upon all who were dropped out of the Church a heavy penalty. Because we didn't know how to teach the Japanese, and we didn't understand the language well enough to teach. The result was, some were admitted into the Church without having a proper understanding of the step they were taking, and a realization of the sacredness and weight of the covenants made. Having no foundation, they fell. However, as our experience increased and our ability to explain the gospel in Japanese grew, we were able, by patient, careful teaching, to make the gospel clear and beautiful to the investigators, so that they felt it and understood it before entering the Church. Such converts are true, and stand today upon a firm base.

So what we need and must always have in Japan is men with a knowledge of Japanese character, familiarity with their customs,

experience, ability in the Japanese language, and true sympathy for the people. To qualify in these attainments and perform a good, well-rounded, profitable mission, the missionaries must be in the field a long time, and constantly enjoy the companionship of the Holy Spirit. Five, six, seven or eight years, perhaps, sounds long and cruel to some people, but I do not believe that any strong, broad, loyal Latter-day Saint, who knows and keeps the first two greatest commandments, would allow years or sacrifice



Left, standing: Elders John W. Stoker, L roy Chadwick. Sitting: Aritatsu Kawanaka, first convert in Hokkaido, Japan, Elder Justus B. Seeley. The little girl is Kawanaka's daughter.

to be a consideration in answering a call of God to Japan. To my mind, the opportunity for and need of a long service is a distinct blessing afforded by the Japan mission. And a long service in Japan is entirely worth while, because of the superior experience and strength every earnest worker obtains, and the intense joy he or she feels when witnessing the wonderful influence of the gospel on the minds, hearts and lives of a pagan nation.

Before concluding, just a word or two about the Japanese language, which, it seems, Americans generally imagine is one of the hardest, if not the hardest language in the world. After all, I have concluded that Japanese is not essentially or theoretically difficult. I believe there is no more simple or natural language. Surely there is none that has fewer iron-clad rules. And I have often thought that we Westerners make the language difficult ourselves by trying to find in it rules that don't exist. If we were to start out by simply memorizing every word, phrase and clause as we hear and read them, without searching for rules, we would, no doubt, find our sorrows diminished. The quantity of the language, however, is a severe test to memory. It is a long language—I sometimes say “limitless.” It certainly requires a larger vocabulary than English. But indeed it has been a delightful study to me, and the characters, what few I know, are joy itself. No one need be frightened of the Japanese language.

Things Requisite.

Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged; and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee,
Have a covering to spare, if he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience and peace with thy God.

—*Selected.*

Thoughts of a Farmer.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

XI.—Scouring.

Last year had in its springtime a long, rainy season. It was difficult to keep implements exposed to the rain from rusting. The plow, which it was my lot to use, gave me considerable difficulty at the outset, because, in the language of the farmer, it would not scour. Every time there was a change in the consistency of the soil, or where clay or gumbo was in excess, the particles would adhere to the surface of the plow until it was like dragging a log of wood beneath the surface of the land. The horses often had put upon them almost a double burden. Frequent stops were necessary to clear the attaching soil, polish the blade of the plow and apply a little oil. These repeated processes in time brought the implement into a good, servicable condition, and the horses went along without excessive burden, and rolled the soil over as the farmer delights to see it turned.

The condition of that plow contains some analogy to the affairs of human life. Did you ever see people to whom every disagreeable little thing will cling, and these little things accumulate until they become a load almost too heavy to draw? Like the plow, they cease to do good work by turning over the soil and exposing it to the air and to sunshine. Persons who thus have some sort of affinity for unpleasant things, for the accumulation of matter foreign to their needs, experience a great deal of trouble in life. Their burdens are excessively heavy. What they really need is a bright polish that will make the disagreeable things of life pass by them without gluing themselves fast to their natures.

We all know the value of one's ability to see, hear and feel minutely the things that are going on about one. These senses are ordained of God for our helpfulness and guidance. On the other hand, it is well to be able to forget. Sometimes we find it quite necessary to our happiness in life to forget the distasteful experiences to which we are all more or less subject. It is also necessary sometimes to have ears and hear not, to have eyes and see not. Many things happen about us to which we ought to be wholly oblivious, if we do not wish to sense their discomfort and annoyance. The senses and attributes with which we have been endowed are divinely appointed agencies by which we ought to discriminate in life between that which is useful and that which is harmful.

The soil of human existence, through which day after day we are compelled to plow our way, has in it sticky and foreign substances which adhere whenever possible to the spirit of our life and weigh down our feelings until their burdens make us unhappy. There are some who take trifles too seriously, who fail to discriminate between that which is important and that which is non-essential to their welfare. It is not intended that we should carry the various burdens of life all the way across the fields of our existence.

When in the course of our daily toils we turn over, like the plow, the soil that is to bear fruit, we leave it in its divinely appointed place to gather properties from the sunshine and the air through which it is made productive. There are many difficulties in life through which we must plow, and, like the soil, they disintegrate in sunshine; and though apparently useless when going through them, they turn to excellent advantage in an open atmosphere. As we look back upon them we see them crumbling to pieces. If we carry them along with us they grow, like the rolling snow, until they become large, and we sink beneath the burden of their weight.

With the plow one of the first requisites is that it should scour well, so in life it is absolutely necessary that there be about us some polished surface over which disagreeable and useless things may glide with ease.

Cocoanut Culture Commercially.

BY JOHN Q. ADAMS, OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

[A second article, illustrated, on this subject, is promised by the author, which will deal with the cocoanut plantation work of the elders, at the gathering places of the Saints in German and American Samoa respectively.—EDITORS.]

Conflicting were the emotions that surged through the mind of an erstwhile Columbus on a certain memorable night in October of 1492, as his eyes beheld the dancing torchlights of the inhabitants of a new world. Conflicting, too, are the thoughts of a more modern beholder of things new, as the Pacific liner creeps nearer in-shore to one of the numerous bits of island dotting the South sea, and he obtains his first glimpse of a rich tropical scene. Perhaps at beautiful Hawaii does the pleasing experience first befall him. As the initial, bold headland, with flattened crown and surf-beaten base, gradually takes its place to the rear, a scene of appealing natural beauty at once begins asserting itself, and the predominating feature is the luxuriant vegetation. Eyes accustomed to the scantily attired, sagebrush Rockies, here search in vain for a break in the dense verdure. Rearing their heads high above the common level, the stately cocoanut palms are discerned from afar, and as the distant glance develops into closer acquaintanceship, this family of monarchs lose none of their first novel impression.

In the home market one may have purchased a stripped specimen of fruit for a quarter and, after eagerly draining every drop of the precious "milk," as voraciously have devoured the crisp, white flesh, without ever bestowing a thought on what a tale the monkey-like face could unfold were its avocation a talkative one.

In lieu of this, suppose that we assume the role of spokesman, and place the cocoanut where it properly belongs, in the fixed relationship of plant to animal.

Scattered over enough of the earth's warmer latitudes to be classed as the universal hot-climate tree, we find various specimens of the palm family, the cocoanut palm standing far in the van from the utility standpoint. As these lines are penned from mid-Pacific, they will naturally deal in part with what the cocoanut means to the Pacific Islander, together with its place in the commercial world. First let us glance at local conditions.

For a specific example, supposing Samoa be dealt with. Of volcanic origin, the interior of these islands is exceedingly rough — practically inaccessible. At some places the upheaval abruptly ends with the ocean waves, the perpendicular mass of lava rock admitting of no beach. But mostly a sandy, low-lying, shelving beach extends inland from a few hundred feet to a mile or more, and it is on this that the cocoanut thrives best, each island being veritably fringed or framed in a thick, unbroken line of majestic trees, extending to the water's edge. So closely do Mother Nature's land forces contest with her sea forces for a boundary line, that it is really a continual battle along the disputed territory between out-stationed cocoanut sentries and the encroaching battering ram of surf and wave. The hungry, ever-restless waters undermine and level ignominiously on the beach great numbers of trees, but in spite of such conflict, the utmost harmony in reality prevails, for the bracing sea air and underground trickling moisture of the beach is just the ideal conducive combination for a thriving tree. So much for conditions in Nature's domain. Now for a few items relative to the utility of the cocoanut.

To deal briefly with its importance in native life we may make the statement that it is the staff in more ways than one. From the fibrous husk a tough, wiry rope is braided, which takes the place of nails in binding the frame-work of the houses, and is a generally useful article. The pebble floor is covered with mats woven from the cocoanut leaf, and in all kinds of carrying, cocoanut leaf baskets are the receptacle. Water for house use is kept in vessels made from the whole shell of the nut, while a polished half-shell serves for the cup in the dignified ceremony of passing

the "ava" or native drink. Canes and other curios are made from the wood for tourists trade, and house timbers are improvised from the trunk.

Then there is the food question, the most pressing of all. The grated meat is readily made up into a variety of dishes and combinations, all rich, nourishing and tasty. And as a by-product the cocoanut meat, with but little effort, may be transformed into pork and eggs. Interesting as the above might be made by a descriptive, detailed write-up, the limited confines of this article will not permit of further mention of it, and we shall now proceed to quite another phase, the cocoanut in commerce.

The "copra" trade is one of the world's commercial items that must not be overlooked. In the one matter of soap alone we are deeply indebted to the cocoanut tree, for without its balmy, creamy oil, our skins might chafe under more drastic cleansers. To follow out the various stages of copra-making in natural sequence, we will begin at the beginning.

The well systematized method of cocoanut culture nowadays calls for a nursery to begin aright. Large, smooth, well-filled and formed nuts are selected and set on edge on the ground, or in perhaps six inches of soil, all close together and with the eyes pointing upwards. Soon a shoot peeps up, and upon attaining a height of a couple of feet, the transplanting to a permanent place occurs, the trees being set about thirty feet apart each way. For the succeeding three or four years all the ground is weeded, but when the trees have grown up beyond damage from cattle, the latter become the clearing agents, roaming at will over the plantation.

In approximately seven years the trees have reared their heads some twenty feet in the air, and tassels, similar in appearance to those adorning our common corn stalks, appear at the base of the leaves. On these, miniature nuts are soon discernible, looking for all the world like acorns. In a few months the meat begins to harden, and now is when the drinking quality of the cocoanut is at its best—sweet, sparkling, snappy and exhilarating. Not long afterward the matured husk turns a dull brown, and the now ripened nut tumbles heavily to the ground. No nuts are picked from the tree for copra making, as only the fully matured

ones produce a first class, oily article. Once the tree commences bearing, the crop is a perennial one, always being found on the tree in all stages of development, from blossom to nut. The tree is a long liver, one hundred years of useful service being no impossible goal for a well located tree to reach.

To gain an insight into the copra-making industry let us take a pleasant mile stroll out from Apia, through one of the largest cocoanut plantations in the world. The firm, a German concern, has something like fifteen thousand acres planted in different places on these islands, and, with nearly all in full bearing, the sight is a magnificent one. As one saunters along the well kept private road, the broad expanse of hundreds of acres stretch away on either hand. The trees are scarcely more than a foot in diameter, perfectly straight and smooth-barked to a height of from twenty-five to seventy-five feet, and are surmounted by a stately crown of long, graceful leaves, at the base of which clusters the fruit to an average aggregate of perhaps fifty. The grass is kept from the roots by a gang of blacks imported from the Solomon Islands. Queer, trim built, little, muscular fellows they are, clad in vivid scarlet loin-cloths. In diligence they more than make up for their diminutive size. Herds of sleek cattle crop the luxuriant grass contentedly, raising their heads in surprise as the white intruder passes.

Down the road come a number of cage-like wagons, filled with cocoanuts and drawn at a creeping pace by patient oxen. As the loaded wagons come lumbering in, their contents are dumped, and husk, shell and all is split in twain by a black boy with an ax. Others take the nut in hand as it is halved and with their heavy knives dexterously slice out the meat in curls. The husks and shells are utilized in the furnace which operates the drying room, in which the meat is stacked in trays made of spaced slats. In about three days it is dry enough to be shipped, the steamer each month carrying it away in large burlap bags to Sydney, from which port it is distributed to the different marts of the world, chiefly in France, to be made up into soaps, oils, etc.

The copra market, like the wheat exchange, is subject to fluctuations, the price ranging from one to five cents per pound. At the common rate of two cents, an acre of fairly productive

cocoanuts will net approximately twenty-five dollars per annum.

Taken all in all, from the standpoints of utility and extraordinary features, the cocoanut tree occupies the relationship in the tropical vegetable kingdom that the lion does in his animal sphere, a monarch, and to man it stands as his best hot-zone friend.

APIA, SAMOA.

Soldier of the Cross.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Not like a knight of the olden days, who fought for a woman's love—
Not like a hero in strife of war, with a floating banner above;

But truly a soldier he—

Who goeth out to the world,
With a message of love and a sword of peace,
And the emblem of Truth unfurled.

Far from his native, snow-crowned hills, far from his fireside cheer,
Into the lands all unknown to him, he goes without thought of fear;

Yet often amidst the silence—

And oft 'midst the city's glare,
His heart turns back to the peaceful vale,
And to those who love him there.

Sometimes he looks at a pictured face, a face that is almost fair—
Perhaps he smiles at the golden threads, of a baby's silken hair.

Or, perchance, 'tis a sweet-heart's face he sees—

Like a flower smiles back to him,
And he reverently thanks the Father of all—
She is safe from a world of sin.

What brings he back from the battlefield? Not wreaths, nor fame, nor
power;

But a soul unstained by the lust of the world, and strength for the weak-
est hour.

No song, no cheer of welcome rings,

No laurel wreath for his brow;
There are few who know of the victories won,
Or can claim him a hero now.

But a blessing on those who, in blessing thee, bless the Master of earth
and heaven,

And blessing on those who turn away, and a prayer in mercy given.

We wait to welcome you home again,

O soldier of cross and crown!

For the cross was borne, but the crown will be given
To thee when the sun goes down.

GRACE ZENOR ROBERTSON.

PARKER, IDAHO.

The Crown of Individuality.*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

IX.—The Inspiration of Possibilities.

The world needs the clarion call of a great inspiration on the unmeasured possibilities of the individual. No man that ever lived exhausted his possibilities. The greatest that ever shed the glory of their presence on this earth of ours have given but at most a few-sided showing of the lines upon which they concentrated. None ever lived the full, rounded, perfect flowering of his whole nature, the vastness of his possibility remained in the silence and secrecy of the unexpressed. Life is too short for the full story. The feeling of the incompleteness of this life, its unsatisfiedness, is a strong base of belief—in immortality.

Let us throw overboard that benumbing philosophy of the words, "Remember your limitations," and preach ever: "Remember your limitless possibilities." With the new dignity added to the individual life comes a finer realization of the power of maximum living from day to day, a large, firmer grip on individual problems. There will be a revelation that must tend to kill shams and pretense. There will be a truer attunement with the highest real things in life. There will not be the folly—the disheartening "limitation" adage so fears—of people attempting to succeed at once in lines where only genius or years of concentrated effort can hope to achieve.

Man is not put into the world as a music-box mechanically set

* From *The Crown of Individuality*. Copyright, 1909, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

with a certain fixed number of tunes, but as a violin with infinite possibilities. This music no one can bring forth but the individual himself. He is placed into life not a finality, but a beginning; not a manufactured article, but raw material; not a statue, but an unhewn stone ready alike for the firm chisel of defined purpose or the subtle attrition of circumstances and conditions.

It is only what a man makes of himself that really counts. He must disinfect his mind from that weakening thought that he has an absolutely predetermined capacity like a freight car with its weight and tonnage painted on the side. He is growing, expansive, unlimited, self-adjusting to increased responsibility, progressively able for large duties and higher possibilities as he realizes them and lives up to them.

Man should feel this sense of the limitless—physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. Newspaper and magazine stories of men who come to this country with seventy-six cents and now own thirty million dollars and head a trust, tell the financial side of possibility. It is here deemed unnecessary to give *new* appetizers for a national hunger—so well developed.

From the physical side man may realize as a removed “limitation” that some of the strongest, most healthy and athletic men were weaklings in childhood and even young manhood. They made themselves anew by exercise, outdoor life, sunshine, simple food and adherence to the laws of health which constitute the common sense of nature. There is no loss of any of the senses nor of limbs that has proved a handicap fatal to the success of those great ones who had cultivated a fine contempt for obstacles that dared to daunt them.

The possibilities of mental development stand vindicated in the splendid roster of the great ones of the world who with the smallest opportunities of education, fought their way to the ranks of great thinkers, men of rare individuality, and real leaders in the world's advance guard to the higher things. Never were books so cheap or so accessible as today, and but a trifle of time consecrated daily to this development would work wonders for him who not merely wishes and wants but *wills* to realize possibilities.

No one in life occupies a position so humble, be it in the

smallest hamlet or the largest city, that he cannot manifest his moral strength and exercise it. There is none so obscure that he cannot make the lives of those around him marvelously changed, brightened and inspired if he would merely progressively live up to his expanding possibilities in the way of kindness, thoughtfulness, cheer, good-will, influence and optimism.

Better far is it for the individual to be a live coal, radiating light and heat for a day, than to be an icicle for a century. It is better to be an oasis of freshness and inspiration, if the oasis be no larger even than a tablecloth, than a desert of dreariness—larger than Sahara. We can all be intensive, even if we cannot yet be extensive; deep, if we cannot be wide; concentrated, if we cannot be diffused. The smallest pool of water can mirror the sun; it does not require an ocean. Let us live up to our possibilities for a single day, and we will not have to die to get to heaven; we will be making heaven for ourselves and for others right here—today on this little, spinning globe we call the earth.

What a man *is* at any moment of life does not fix what he may *become*. It is not necessarily a destination; it may be merely a station; a chapter, not the complete story. Progress is but the continuous revelation of possibilities transformed into realities. We see the running, but not the goal. It is not results that are the true test of living, for they may lie outside the individual's power to control, but it is ever the moral and mental qualities he puts into the struggle. The world's standard of judging is not in accord with the higher ethics of the soul. It is not getting the best, but proving worthy of the best, that is the revelation of true character.

The man who talks airily of the things he would do if only he had time, unconscious of the golden hours of wasted opportunity frittering idly through his fingers, had better wake up. He often envies those who have performed some marvel in self-education, when but a small section of the time he squanders in a year with the lavish recklessness of a Monte Cristo would enable him to learn a new language. Every hour is a new chariot of time's possibilities that might be laden with rich treasure, but if man tacks up the sign, "no freight," he should not complain of the subsequent barrenness of result. The roll of the great leaders in

human thought and effort have *not* been those who had the best opportunities, but those who made—the best use of them.

There are men battling with the soil on poor, anæmic farms, that yield but a bare living, while underneath those acres may be rich veins of coal, wells of oil, that need but the revealing, or beds of other minerals that mean liberation from the slavery of poverty. It is not easy to make them manifest, but the greater treasures of the individual's possibilities within his own heart, mind and life he *can* bring out if he only will. Self-confidence is a virtue that should never lead a single life; it should be wedded—to tireless energy.

There come high-tide moments in all lives when contemplating some heroic deed, when our ears are filled with the triumphal music of a great thought, when the vitalizing words of some great thinker or teacher reach our soul through our eyes with a message of illumination. We then see our life in new perspective. The meanness and emptiness of living on low levels shame the soul out of self-complacency, and we seem to see wondrous visions of our possibilities, glimpses of what we might become. It is a coming face to face with our higher self that may recreate our lives for all the years, if we only will. Let us realize our progressive possibilities, make them real, vital, growing, not uselessly held—as a warm, living seed may rest for years in the dead hand of a mummy. Realizing possibilities is the soul of optimism, and optimism is the soul of living.

(The next article of this series, "Forgetting as a Fine Art," will appear in the August number of the ERA.)

A Morning Prayer.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



Photo by C. R. Savage.

Church of San Xavier Del Bac.

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

The sun went down hot, as we forded the shallow Santa Cruz river. The heaps of jagged mountains, clustered upon the desert horizon, glowed with its red light. Each *picacho* appeared semi-transparent, as if it had been saturated with fiery heat, or had been changed to ruby. The sky was cloudless, and soon became of that peculiar, bluish-green hue characteristic of the Arizona twilight. The glow upon the distant mountains turned deeper and deeper, becoming, ere it vanished altogether, a most wondrous crimson. A rich, crimson stain, too, lingered long upon the old adobe western wall of the Mission Dolores. The ruined building, with its open windows, tottering to its fall upon the low mound, and surrounded by marsh lands in which grew tall, coarse grasses with here and there a gaunt, angular thorn tree, bore a saddened aspect at the approach of night.

The strange, old church we had been to visit, is known as the

San Xavier del Bac. It is situated nine miles to the southward of Tucson and stands in the midst of a most dreary and desolate landscape. Around it is the level desert, broken with near piles of lava rock, that emerge from the sands like islands above the sea. In the distance are seen the mountains, flat-topped ranges, or detached groups of volcanic peaks of singular forms, jutting up one behind another in grotesque savageness, and ranging in tints from the palest ashen-grays to livid reds and dark, indigo-toned blues. A *palo verde* stands here and there in some wash, or a tall green column of the *cereus giganteus*, the rigid trunks of the latter giving a peculiar stiffness of effect to the scene. Altogether it is one of the very last places in which one might expect to see a sacred edifice.

The building itself is highly picturesque, and even approaches the imposing, when not too critically examined. The design is bold, with its dome and towers and, at a distance, rich facade. Around it runs a wall, and at one side is the Casa Morte, and at the other a long range of buildings which appear to combine the uses of dormitory for priests and travelers, as well as being a hospital for the sick among the surrounding tribes of Indians. The church is in the Moorish style of flamboyant architecture, and dates back to somewhere between 1690 and 1700, making it one of the oldest mission churches hereabouts. It was founded by the Jesuit and Franciscan Fathers in their arduous and self-sacrificing labors, and it was constructed under adverse conditions and with unskilled workmen. It is built of rock and brick, covered with a yellowish-gray plaster, a plaster that has become very hard through the adding of the blood of cattle to the mixture.

A motly group of Papago Indians were gathered around the entrance in the church wall as our vehicle came up. They were from the poor, miserably built huts near by, and one of them, an Indian boy with an immense, naked cavalry sword, stood guard at the door. This boy, with his evident self-conscious pride at our seeing him thus fulfilling his office, was highly ludicrous. But on the lower steps, those leading to the doorway, was a sight pathetic. This was the venerable resident priest. He was totally blind, bent with extreme age, his skin covered with a thousand wrinkles, and his hair as white as snow. In his hands was a musical instrument.

It was made of reeds, and the feeble notes that he drew from their depths were as mournful in sound as the appearance of the old man was sad.

We entered the church. On the walls are several old paintings reputed to be of considerable value, and most hideous frescoes, too, depicting the joys of paradise and the tortures of the



RUINS OF MISSION DOLORES.

Sketch by the Author.

damned. Fortunately it was Easter Sunday, and we could not have chosen a more opportune time for our visit to San Xavier del Bac. In spite of the sterile surroundings, the poor Indians, who mostly make up the devotees of the place, had found something of suitable greenness to decorate the altar and various other portions of the church interior. Later we gazed at the festival; saw the tottering form of the aged priest led up the aisle to the altar steps, and listened to his quavering voice as he intoned the chant. Sheaves of barley were carried in the procession and afterwards placed on the altar steps. At the festival's close, the old man was led back to the outer door, and there, standing in the sunlight, with trembling hand extended, he received such homely contributions from his flock, sometimes a sweet-cake, sometimes a lump of sugar, as the poverty of the donors compelled them to give.

It impressed us that there was a singular harmony of sadness about it all—the dreary and sterile landscape, the half-finished, the already half-ruined church, the blind old priest, the poor Indian worshipers and their wretched village. We had begun the previous day with an early visit to the banks of the Santa Cruz. The Spanish-Mexican women were there ahead of us. With the women arrayed in their white bodices and scarlet petticoats, with the washing done—for the coming festival day, perhaps—in the primitive way, rubbing on a flat stone or beating thereon, and then rinsed in the clear, passing water; and as the women were mostly young, and a few who might truly be called handsome, with the lithe, slender figures, the black hair and lustrous eyes of the south, the sight was a pretty one; and all in keeping with the hour and scene. Now there was a harmony of another kind, but in strange discord with the emblematic nature of the festival, which should be a joyous one, indeed, to be expressive of a belief in the resurrection.





HEBER SCOWCROFT.

Appointed and sustained a member of the Church Auditing Committee,
at the April Conference, 1910. See sketch in "Passing Events."

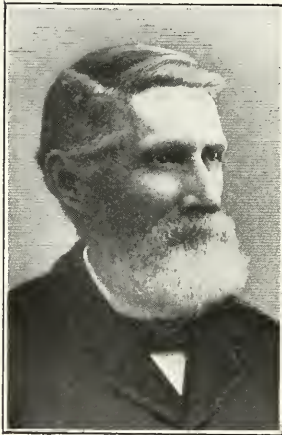
Pioneer Journeys.

From Nauvoo, Illinois, to Pueblo, Colorado, in 1846, and
Over the Plains in 1847.

*Extracts from the private journal of the late pioneer John Brown,
who for a period of twenty-nine years was
Bishop of Pleasant Grove.*

ARRANGED BY HIS SON, JOHN ZIMMERMAN BROWN, OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF UTAH.

On July 29, 1845, I returned to Nauvoo with my family, purchased a lot from William Hyde, and commenced to build a house.



PIONEER JOHN BROWN.

range our business affairs.

But as soon as I had collected the material the mobs began burning the homes of the Saints out in the country, and all business was suspended. As destruction threatened the Saints on every hand, a council of the leading brethren was held, at which it was decided to leave the state of Illinois in the spring. But, as my house was so nearly completed, I finished it, and soon after William Crosby, my brother-in-law, came with his family and lived with us while we remained in the city.

Before we could go to the wilderness it was necessary for us to return to our former homes in the south and arrange our business affairs. However, we did not leave Nauvoo until

we had received our endowments in the temple. I rented my home to a brother and left it in charge of William Hyde, authorizing him to sell it if he could, and to use the means in preparing for his journey to the west, which he afterwards did. We left the "City of Joseph" on the 14th of January, 1846, going by land, and reached our old home in Monroe county, Mississippi, February 22.

We had been instructed by President Brigham Young to leave our families here, take those families that were ready for the journey, go west with them through the state of Missouri and fall in with the companies from Nauvoo in the Indian country. In accordance with this instruction, we started from Mississippi on April 8, 1846, with fourteen families. William Crosby, D. M. Thomas, William Lay, James Harmon, George W. Bankhead and I formed a mess, having a wagon to ourselves. Our plan was to return to Mississippi in the fall.

We crossed the Mississippi river at Iron banks and traveled through the state of Missouri, arriving at Independence on May 26, a distance of six hundred and forty miles. Here great excitement prevailed over a rumor that ex-Governor Boggs, of Missouri, had started for California; that the "Mormons" had intercepted and killed him on the way; and that they had also murdered and robbed several companies of emigrants, etc. The people of Independence tried to persuade us not to go to the plains, as we would surely fall victims to the revengeful "Mormons." But we told them we were not afraid.

At this point we were joined by Robert Crow, from Perry county, Illinois, and William Kartchner, together with some emigrants *en route* to Oregon. We had in all twenty-five wagons, and here our company was more fully organized. William Crosby was chosen captain, with Robert Crow and John Holladay as counselors.

It was not until we reached the Indian country that our Oregon friends learned they were traveling with a company of "Mormons." This fact gave them some uneasiness, and they began to think we did not travel fast enough. One day they left us and went ahead, but the next day we passed them. They were a little afraid to go on alone, not thinking their company strong enough, so they remained with us until we reached the Platte

river. Here we met a company of six men who had come all the way from Oregon, and when our friends saw this, they were no longer afraid to travel alone, as their company consisted of fourteen men. They left us on the Platte, where we rested a day for repairs.

We now had twenty-four men and nineteen wagons, having lost one yoke of oxen belonging to George Threlkil, which was stolen by the Fox Indians. We had followed the Oregon trail from Independence, Missouri, and upon reaching the Platte expected either to have fallen in with the companies from Nauvoo, or to have found their trail. But we heard nothing from them whatever. Not knowing but what they had gone up the north side of the Platte, we continued our journey along the south side; some of our company, however, were reluctant about going on.

On the 25th of June we came among the buffalo, and laid in a supply of meat. The hunting delighted us; our eyes had never beheld such a sight; the whole country was covered with them. One day a buffalo calf came running into the train of wagons when the dogs and teamsters came running after it. Several times it dashed through the train, and finally it ran in among our loose cattle where, after the dogs were called off, it became contented. A Spaniard, whom we had taken in a few days before, caught the calf with a lasso and tied it up; but it killed itself in a few minutes. This Spaniard, whose name was Hosea, had started down the river on a boat with some traders, but as the water was too low they had become lodged on the sand. He being afraid to stop in the Pawnee country, joined our company to go back to the mountains. He was of great service to us in doing camp duty and in caring for the animals. He also taught us how to approach the buffalo.

One night, as we were camped opposite Grand Island, our cattle, being closely corraled, suddenly stampeded. The horses also broke loose and ran away. The running of the frightened animals, with the bellowing of the cattle and the ringing of the cow-bells, threw the whole camp in commotion. Men, women and children were seen rushing in every direction, frightened almost to death, supposing, of course, the Pawnees were upon us. One man was so sure of this that he fired his gun in the midst of the

confusion. But orders were given at once not to fire, and after quiet was restored, it was found that no damage was done excepting the breaking of a cows's leg and the tipping of a provision box down from the rear end of one of the wagons.

At the crossing of the south fork of the Platte we encountered such a severe storm that our tents were blown down and many of us suffered intensely with the cold. On June 30 we crossed the south fork of the Platte; and next day, July 1, we reached Ash Hollow, where our Spaniard was bitten by a rattlesnake, which laid him up for a week or more. That night we camped near the brush in the hollow, not knowing that we were so near the north fork of the Platte river. I went on guard at the second watch, and was warned by the first guard to "look sharp," as the mules were very uneasy. One of our men, seeing something near one of the mules, threw a bone at it, supposing it to be a dog, but it ran in the darkness like a man sneaking away. At the same time I discovered a horse going loose across our corral and, upon examination, found that its rope had been cut. I immediately gave the alarm, when all of our men rushed out of their lodgings. We found several horses that were cut loose, and one mare and two colts were missing. A close watch was kept until morning, when we discovered a trail up the hollow where the three animals had been driven away. Besides the footprints of the horses there were nine moccasin tracks in the trail. We moved our camp down to the river and six men followed the trail that day, but learned nothing of the lost animals. At this time we were met by a company of men from California, from whom we learned that there were no "Mormons" on the route ahead of us. On receiving this intelligence some of our members became dissatisfied and wanted to turn back, while others thought it best to go on; but after due consideration we decided to continue our journey.

We reached Chimney rock on July 6, and at Horse creek stopped one day to repair wagons. A few miles below Laramie we met a Mr. John Kershaw, who was camped in "Goshen Hole." He told us he had heard reports to the effect that the "Mormons" had gone up the south fork of the Platte. We then held a council and concluded to go no further west, but to find a suitable place on the east side of the mountains, where the company could

winter. Mr. Kershaw said that the head of the Arkansas river was the best place, as corn was being raised there and it was near the Spanish country, where the company could get supplies. He further informed us that in a few days he would start for Pueblo with two ox teams. There being no road, and he being acquainted with the route, we concluded to wait and go along with him. So, on July 10, we broke camp and resumed our journey. Mr. Kershaw proved faithful to us, and rendered all the assistance he could.

One night it was necessary for us to camp without water, and fearing our cattle should stray off, we corraled them for the first time since the big stampede. About ten o'clock all the animals in camp suddenly became so excited that they were unmanageable. The horses pulled up their stakes and ran away. A mule that was close by me, however, did not succeed in getting away before I caught his rope. Not being able to hold the animal, I quickly mounted him and away he dashed, in spite of all my efforts to control him. His determination to follow the other frightened animals quickly impressed me with the fact that if the Indians got our horses they would certainly get me, too. But the animals stopped after running about a half a mile, and we succeeded in recovering them.

On the 19th of July twelve Cheyenne Indians came into our camp. We prepared a feast and gave them some presents, and next day we came to their village. Here they kindly received us, giving us a "feast" of stewed buffalo meat. We did some trading with them, and they appeared to be well pleased with our visit. Two of their lodges traveled with us for a few days.

On July 24, we lay by on Crow creek, and some ten or twelve of us went out a few miles to hunt for some buffalo that had been seen at a distance the night before, but the supposed game proved to be a band of wild horses. An Indian who went out with us mounted his horse and gave them chase, but he could not come up to them. We then separated and wandered over the plains, which were literally covered with prickly pears, (cactus) and while we were thus scattered we were discovered by a large party of Indians, who had not seen us before. They immediately rushed upon us. We tried to get together before they could reach us,

but were not successful. We were terribly frightened, but it was useless for us to try to get away, as the Indians were well mounted.

As soon as our Indian guide, who was following the wild horses, saw the situation, he rode toward us with all the speed possible, meeting his countrymen about one hundred yards away. Their method of approach, with outstretched hands, was new to us; but Mr. Kershaw, who had accompanied us, betrayed no fear whatever, telling us that this was their symbol of friendship. He was well acquainted with their chief, whose name, in English, was "Slim Face." In general appearance this Indian chief very much resembled Andrew Jackson. A large circle was now formed around a fire, and after "the pipe" was filled, we indulged in a "friendly smoke."

A good many of these Indians accompanied us to our camps, and next day the whole nation, with their women and children and lodges, met us at "Cash la Pood," where we made them a big feast and gave them some presents. After trading some with them we moved on to the south fork of the Platte river, searching in vain for the trail of the "Mormons," of whom we could learn absolutely nothing.

We crossed the south fork of the Platte river on July 27, a few miles below a small fort, coming into a wagon trail made by traders *en route* to the Spanish settlements in the south. We continued our journey along this road, reaching Pueblo, a Mexican town situated near the Arkansas river, on August 7, 1846. Since leaving Independence, Missouri, we had completed a journey, as near as we could estimate, of eight hundred miles.

Living in this fort were six or eight mountaineers, who had married among the Spanish and Indian women. These people received us kindly.

It was here, at Pueblo, that we first learned that the "Mormons" had stopped at the Missouri river, and that five hundred of them had enlisted in the United States army, and were then on their way to New Mexico. Upon receiving this startling information a council was held at which it was decided for the company to winter in this place, and those men whose families were yet in the east should return and bring them out the follow-

ing spring. The company was organized as a branch of the Church, and such council as the Spirit directed was given. The mountaineers said our people could have their surplus of grain in exchange for labor. Cabins, in the form of a fort, were built and active preparations for winter were made. The company was instructed to tarry here until they received word from the Church authorities where to locate.

We remained at Pueblo with the Saints until September 1, 1846, when we bade them good-by and started for the East, following down the Arkansas river to the Santa Fe trail. Our friends were very much disappointed in not having fallen in with the body of the Church. Only those who have experienced similar circumstances can appreciate the sadness of our parting, but we comforted our friends all that we could and left our blessings with them.

On this return journey our party consisted of eight men, as follows: William Crosby, D. M. Thomas, John Holladay, William Lay, James Smithson, George W. Bankhead, John Brown and a man by the name of Wales Bomy, who had been to Oregon. On September 3, we came to Bent's Fort, where we learned that the reports concerning the "Mormons" at the Missouri river were true. We also were told that forty fine government teamsters had started from this part for the states just a few days before our arrival. We set out at once to overtake them, in order to travel with them through the hostile country. On September 7, we passed by the Arapahoes village and next day caught up with the government teamsters, who were under the command of Captain Dunigan.

Almost every day we were met by troops and baggage trains that were on their way to Santa Fe. On September 10, Colonel Price came along, and on the 12th we met the Mormon Battalion, which gave us the greatest pleasure, for we were well acquainted with a great many of them. On September 13, we met John D. Lee, Howard Egan and James Pare. We saw plenty of buffalo, but could not kill many, as our horses were not fit for the chase, and it was difficult to approach the game on foot. At the same time our store of provisions was almost exhausted. Near a stream called Walnut creek a large herd of buffalo was seen feeding on

the low land. We stationed men in the bushes at the crossing while some of us went around and started the animals toward the creek. As the buffalo came up the men began shooting at them. Many of the terrified ones turned and jumped from the steep banks into the water, where they could scarcely get out. The whole herd then followed, running over each other in great confusion. The men ran up and continued their firing until the animals had got away. In all we succeeded in either shooting or drowning nine big buffalo, which were dressed for food. But in spite of our success here, our provisions soon ran short again.

We continued with Captain Dunigan's wagon train until September 26, when we separated, he going to Fort Leavenworth, and we pushing on to Independence, Missouri, where we arrived on the 30th. Here Mr. Bomy left us, and we continued our journey southward, reaching our homes in Mississippi, October 29th.

After a few days rest we began making preparations to move with our families, early in the spring, to Council Bluffs, and thus be ready to go westward with the Church. About this time Elders Bryant Nowlin and Charles Crismon came to our settlement direct from Council Bluffs. They carried an epistle from the council of the apostles instructing us to remain another year with our families, but to fit out and send all the men we could spare to go west as pioneers.

We held meetings to consider the matter, at which we concluded to send some four colored servants as pioneers, one of us going along to take charge of them. William Crosby, John H. Bankhead, William Lay and I each furnished a servant, and John Powell arranged for his brother David to go along. It fell to my lot to go and take charge of the company.

In order for us to reach Council Bluffs in time, it was necessary to make this journey of a thousand miles during the winter months. All arrangements being made, we left Mississippi on January 10, 1847. D. M. Thomas joined us with his family, and Brother Charles Crismon also accompanied us. We were well fitted out with two good wagons and supplies, but as we traveled northward the weather became extremely cold.

At St. Louis, where we were joined by Joseph Stratton and his family, we purchased more teams and wagons. A few

days later Bryant Nowlin and Matthew Ivory overtook us, and we now had six wagons. But the mud was so heavy that we had to lay over several days. Finally it turned cold, giving us the severest kind of weather, which was extremely hard on the negroes. My servant, whose name was Henry, caught cold and took the winter fever, which caused his death. I buried him in Andrew county, Missouri, at the lower end of the Round Prairie, just eight miles north of Savannah.

In this neighborhood we purchased some more cattle, and resuming our journey, we reached the Bluffs just a few days before President Brigham Young and the pioneers started for the West. While we were waiting here, John Bankhead's colored man also died with the winter fever. This journey from Mississippi was the hardest and severest trip I had ever undertaken.

I left one wagon and its load here with Brother Crismon, to bring along with the families that were to follow, and took the other two wagons and the two colored men, Oscar Crosby and Hark Lay, who had survived the journey, and joined Pioneer Camp. Brothers David Powell and Matthew Ivory also enlisted as pioneers; and on April 11, when the pioneer company was organized, and I was chosen captain of the Thirteenth Ten, these four men were assigned to my ten.

When we reached Fort Laramie, on June 1, we found Brother Robert Crow, who had come up from Pueblo with six wagons. He had been here two weeks, waiting for the first company of Saints to come along. He told us that the remainder of the Mississippi company were still at Pueblo waiting to come with a detachment of the "Mormon" Battalion that had wintered there.

On June 3, Elder Amasa Lyman, with Roswell Stevens, Thomas Woolsey and John H. Tippits, started for Pueblo to meet the Saints and bring them along. Brother Crow joined our camp and came on to the valley with us. On July 29, 1847, a few days after the pioneers had entered the valley, the Mississippi Saints, whom we had left at Pueblo nearly a year before, together with a detachment of the "Mormon" Battalion, under the command of Captain James Brown, came into Salt Lake Valley.

My Friend.

[The following beautiful poem was printed in the early eighties, and is credited to the editor of the *East End News*. It has often been re-printed, and has appeared in several different languages. We believe readers of the ERA will find pleasure in studying the verses and references attached.—*Editors*.]

How often I'd longed for a trustworthy friend,	Job 23:3
On whom in all seasons my heart might depend,	Ps. 62:8
Both my joy and my sorrow to share;	Jas. 5:13
But I met with so much disappointment and pain,	Job 5:7; Ps. 4:12, 13
That I feared all my seeking would prove to be vain,	Sol. Song 3:2
Lo, I nearly gave o'er in despair.	Ps. 73:2

I was friendless and sad, my heart burdened with grief,	Ps. 88:3
And I knew not to whom I could look for relief,	Ps. 88:18
When I heard a voice, gentle and calm:	Isa. 13:2
"O come unto me, lay thy head on my breast,	Matt. 11:28
And I will refresh thee; in me find thy rest,	Matt. 11:29
And I'll ever protect thee from harm."	Ps. 91; Heb. 13:5

"I will soothe thee in sorrow, will comfort in pain;	Ps. 103:13
You never shall seek my assistance in vain;	Matt. 6:6
Then refuse not my offer of love.	Heb. 12:25
I will heighten thy joy; I will lessen thy woe;	Ps. 30:11
I will guide thee thro' life in the path thou shouldst go,	Ps. 32:8
And will safely convey thee above."	John 14:2, 3

I listened with pleasure. So sweet was the voice,	Zeph. 3:17
So soothing the tone, I could not but rejoice,	Matt. 12:19, 20
For I felt that his sayings were true.	Rev. 3:14
And now I well know that he used no deceit,	Heb. 6:18
For I'm sure that the hours I have spent at his feet,	Luke 8:35
Are the happiest ever I knew.	Prov. 3:17

He stilleth my passions; he calmeth my fears;	Isa. 41:10; 1-14
He changeth the aspect of death as it nears,	John 8:51
And bids me confide in his love;	Isa. 26:3, 4
He whispers his infinite power to save,	Heb. 7:25
To snatch me at last from the realms of the grave,	I Thes. 4:16
To dwell in his presence above.	John 17:24
In what words can I speak of the worth of my friend?	Rev. 5:9
Having loved me once, he will love to the end,	John 13:1
Though I oftentimes forgetful may be.	Hos. 14:4
Every cause of estrangement I would humbly defy,	Rom. 8:38, 39
So deep and so long, so broad and so high,	Eph. 3:18, 19
Is the love that he beareth to me.	Jer. 31:3
And how can I tell of the deeds he has done?	Isa. 53.
Of the manner in which my affections he won!	Jer. 31:3
Of his goodness, his kindness, his grace?	Ps. 103; 34:8
I was lost and he found me; I was blind, he gave sight;	Luke 15:4; 4:18
My path was a dark one, but he made it light,	Isa. 42:16
And brightened the gloomiest place.	Ps. 23:4
I was filthy and foul, but he made me quite clean;	I John 1:5
And covered with rags for a long time I'd been,	Isa. 64:6
But he gave me a garment to wear;	Isa. 61:10
'Twas a beautiful robe, no defect could I see,	Rev. 19:8
For he made it himself, and then gave it to me,	Rom. 5:19; Phil. 3:9
That I might look lovely and fair.	Eph. 5:27
I had broken the law, and was sentenced to die;	Rom. 6:23
I knew I was guilty, had naught to reply,	Rom. 3:19
And my conscience tormented me sore;	Rom. 7:24
When my friend came in view, showed his hands and	
his side,	John 20:27
And told me that once in my stead he had died,	I Peter 3:18
That I might have life evermore.	John 3:16
Such, then, is my friend. Oh I wish I could sound	Ps. 66:16
The praise of his name to earth's uttermost bound,	Rom. 10:18
I would sound it again and again.	Isa. 62:6
Do you ask who it is that has stilled my complaints?	Ps. 34:6
Oh, listen, ye sinners! Oh, praise him, ye saints!	Heb. 12:25
It is Jesus, the Savior of Men!	Matt. 1:21



A PART OF THE CITY OF AALESUND AS REBUILT.

In the Far North.

BY EDWARD P. MACKELPRANG, OF THE SCANDINAVIAN MISSION.

We are laboring in the city of Aalesund, located on the western coast of Norway. The city was built some sixty-two years ago on two small islands, connected with a large bridge spanning the water in the narrowest and most convenient place. This city is at present the largest fishing port in Scandinavia. Eighty large fishing boats, owned by different individuals, constitute the fishing fleet. The average price of one of these boats all complete, with fishing net, is about sixty thousand kroner. There are, besides, between five hundred and six hundred motor boats, owned by residents of the city, and then there are eighteen boats used for hunting whales. These go far into the north, sometimes reaching as far as the Arctic ocean. They go out for trips which last from three to four months, generally beginning in April and returning in August, which is the only time that the weather will permit this class of business sport. Each boat generally averages from three to four whales, and from twelve to fifteen men man each boat, and the product of their catch amounts to about thirty

thousand kroner for each boat. Fish and oil are exported from this place to Germany, Spain, Italy, England and South and North America, and the annual income for fishing is, on an average, about twenty million kroner.



Harbor, Aalesund.



Photo by Edward P. Mackelprang.

Gieke Church, Erected in the 9th Century.



Cemetery, Aalesund, Norway.

The city was destroyed by fire on the 23rd of January, 1904. It broke out at 1:30 in the morning, in a creamery building, and the wind was blowing at such a high rate that nearly all the buildings, which are made mostly of timber, were consumed, so that at five o'clock on the next day, more than twelve thousand people were homeless in a ruined city. Only one life was lost. The people, however, took courage, and for some time lived in boats and in the few houses on the outskirts that escaped the fire. The people received relief immediately from surrounding settlements, and on the 27th of the month two large vessels from Germany, loaded with provisions, and having medical aid, arrived. These remained eight days, and while in the harbor thousands of people went on board for their meals and received beds during the night. People were transported to all parts

of Norway free. Large sums of money were likewise sent in from other countries, the United States leading in its generosity to the people, one million five hundred thousand kroner in all being con-

contributed. In all, the loss sustained by the fishermen in the destruction of the city was upwards of twenty million kroner, for which there was an insurance of about eleven and a half millions. Eighty thousand dollars out of the donated millions was set apart to erect a hospital.

In 1907 the city was practically rebuilt with stone buildings,



City of Aalesund, Norway, in ruins after the fire, 1904. The houses shown are temporary buildings.

and consequently is now in a condition much better than ever, and is today a thriving city. I am indebted for much of this information to the mayor of the city, who kindly furnished me with the items. Our Church work is progressing, and our meetings are fairly well attended.

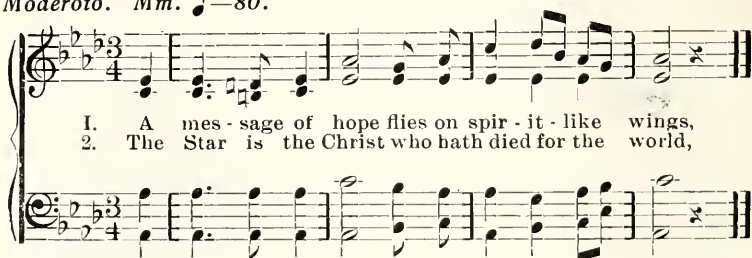
AALESUND, NORWAY-

The Light of the Star.

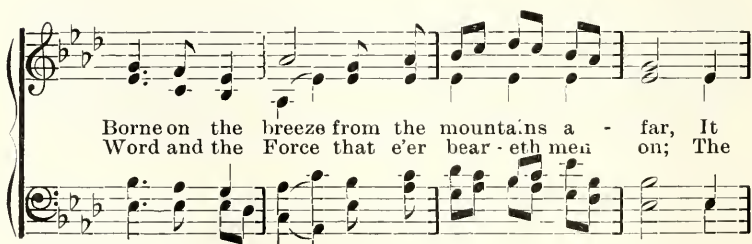
WORDS BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

MUSIC BY W. C. CLIVE.

Moderato. Mm. ♩ = 80.



I. A mes - sage of hope flies on spir - it - like wings,
2. The Star is the Christ who hath died for the world,



Borne on the breeze from the mountains a - far, It
Word and the Force that e'er bear - eth men on; The



tempers the strife of man - kind, and it sings
Fath - er of Truth, whose glad light is un - furled,

Love - songs of peace from the light of the Star,
 Bid - ding the na - tions the peace of its dawn,

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff with piano accompaniment. The melody is in the treble staff, and the lyrics are written below the notes.

Love songs of peace from the light of the Star.
 Bid - ding the na - tions the peace of its dawn.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are repeated.

The message is Truth, the strong victor of all,
 Word that must conquer, and ever endure:
 Accepting no bribe, and no person nor call,
 Just of the ages forever secure.

For mortals who stray in the by-ways of grief,
 Deluged with doubt in the darkness of sin,
 It serves as a sunlight that bringeth relief,
 Sparkling with life as it shineth therein.

It comforts the heart that with sadness is drear;
 Fear is forgotten in hopes that arise.
 The Father and Son to the heart is come near;
 Gone are the clouds that late covered the skies.

Then hark to the message on shadowy wings,
 Sounding in gladness from mountains afar;
 It offers the waters of life; and it brings
 Glory and joy from the light of the Star.

The United Brethren.

BY JOB SMITH.

It is known that in the year 1840, Apostle Wilford Woodruff was inspired to leave the place where he was preaching, in Staffordshire, England, and with short notice, make a trip by stage and on foot to Herefordshire, to the headquarters of a society called United Brethren. And it is also known that the members of this society, almost without an exception, embraced the gospel, and soon after commenced emigrating to Nauvoo, there being added to the Church, during the next six months, over one thousand souls.

A few facts relating to this society, as to their work as a religious organization, their zeal, ambition and personnel, may be interesting at this date and period of the Latter-day work. It is mainly of interest to our young missionaries, as an incentive to seek for and listen to the promptings of the spirit, in the discharge of their duties, so as to find the people who have the disposition and the courage to receive their message.

The society called Methodists, as we all know, was founded by John Wesley, who was a regular minister of the Church of England, and who seceded therefrom on account of the dead formality of that church, their prayers, lessons, and general religious exercises being simply the reading of printed forms of prayer, repeated every Sunday—some of them quite absurd and vain to an actively devout mind seeking divine favors. Their sermons, all read from manuscripts, were devoid of the inspiration and zeal of servants of God.

John Wesley, being inspired to do good among the English people, and to show the difference between empty formalities and

real, religious activity, left off his surplice (a white gown used by the church of England ministers) and set out with earnest, honest desire and faith to preach the gospel as far as he understood it, for the reformation and salvation of those who would listen to him.

Of course, the honest people, especially the poor, soon recognized an honest preacher, and soon a society was formed and preaching places were found, and a great organization was established, called Methodists. Now, all this transpired in the eighteenth century. Later on, and as wealth and popularity filled fashionable chapels and places of worship, formality and fashion deadened the preaching of his successors, and he being now gone, left nothing but his printed sermons to keep his fervor alive. Thomas Kington was a Methodist preacher of John Wesley's stamp, zeal and inspiration. To him the dead influence of formal religion was not sufficient to save a soul. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" was his favorite text, and with a revivalist's zeal he, as a Methodist worker, stirred up his hearers and annoyed the more formal and better paid preachers of that denomination—and, as a result, he was expelled. This occurred some time before 1830. Methodism had settled down into a rut of self-satisfied formality, which objected to being disturbed by a call to repentance, which was the battle cry of this notable man.

But Thomas Kington, though a poor man and expelled by his church, could not be silenced. He had no chapel or church to preach in, but he remembered that the great preacher of Nazareth preached in the open air to the poor and also to the proud; and the poor of Herefordshire were glad to hear Kington, and offered their large kitchens for him to preach in. Other good men felt the touch of zeal to try to persuade people to "repent and believe." A society was soon formed, and at the date of Apostle Wilford Woodruff's visit, it possessed between thirty and forty preachers and preaching places. It had a great many very poor people as its members, and a few working men in fairly good circumstances, and one man who might be called wealthy, he being a farmer and owner of some land. It had extended from Herefordshire into Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, and formed into two circuits (or conferences) named after the places where their chief gatherings were held, called From's Hill and Gatfield Elm.

Thomas Kington was the general superintendent, and the chief preachers assembled once in three months to arrange the dates and places where each should preach during the following three months. Some were called "preachers" and others "exhorters." A page of my *Recollections* will illustrate their methods:

About this time, (1836), I being about eight years old, one of these preachers came to Redmarley, where I was living at Father Bundy's, and asked permission to hold an evening meeting in his house for preaching. This was granted. This was my first acquaintance with United Brethren. But the preachers were not all brethren, for the preacher that visited us was an unmarried female named Hannah Gittings. Intermittent with her preaching were impassioned appeals for praying by the congregation individually, which seemed to take such hold upon her listeners that several at the same time occasionally might be heard. In due time the meeting closed, and, of course, the lady, needing lodging, was made welcome to stay all night.

Previous to retiring she introduced family prayers. Concentrating now her efforts in behalf of the family, requiring each individual to pray vocally, it soon became my turn. I had been used to repeating the Lord's prayer every night before retiring, but that would not do for this occasion. I was compelled, by her entreaties, to make an effort to use my own words, which I did, in praying zealously for the change of heart which she had been advocating; and, sure enough, it had the effect to make me a very anxious candidate for baptism when Apostle Woodruff afterwards arrived.

Besides Thomas Kington there were several other men who were very zealous and influential preachers, who devoted most of their time going from branch to branch preaching three times on Sunday and nearly every night on week days, and opening new places. Others were laboring men who, when Sunday came, would walk from five to fifteen miles to a preaching place and hold two meetings, and return in the night.

At each quarter-day a plan would be devised and immediately printed for distribution among the members of each branch. On this "plan" was printed the name of each preacher and exhorter, also the name of each village or preaching place in each circuit. Thus there was an interchangeable rotation of preaching places for each preacher, and a change of preacher in each preaching

place during three months. Generally speaking they were very impressive preachers, holding their audiences as with a hypnotic influence, frequently causing young persons—chiefly females—to fall down upon the floor in a fit of noisy desperation concerning their supposed awful condition of sins committed and unforgiven. Then would follow a scene of pleading by the preacher that Christ would forgive sins if they would only believe. “Believe in Christ, and you shall be saved.” The word “believe” was often and urgently repeated. In most cases, after sufficient pleading, the convert would exclaim, “I do believe,” repeated over and over. The preacher would then shout glory, over the saving of a soul, and the young person would spring up and dance around in a noisy fit of ecstasy, occupying considerable time, and suspending all other religious exercise. These scenes, however, were chiefly in evidence at protracted meetings, called love-feasts, watch-nights and special gatherings.

Another element productive of interest in religious matters in these days was the reading, by laboring people, of Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*. Most scholars of recent years have, doubtless, read the book much as a curiosity; but at the time herein referred to, it struck hard into the consciences and inner lives of the common people, producing more genuine religious thought than all the formal religious preaching done by the various orthodox ministers of that day.

There was, beyond all controversy, a deeply devout feeling, devoid of all ostentation, intense opposition to all forms of pride, profanity and every form of immorality. Vocal prayer was urged upon all, and all formal prayer was done away.

This was the condition when President Woodruff arrived. In President Woodruff’s *History*, by Matthias F. Cowley, is found the account of their receiving his testimony. There are but few now living who can remember the event.

The falling-down practice was not declaimed against by the elder, and some young persons who previously had been often affected in this ecstatic delirium, would, after baptism, abandon themselves voluntarily into this condition, whereupon the elder followed the instruction given, and the practice forever ended.

Now, as to the personnel of the preachers of this society, it

is interesting to know that most of them, if not all, became strongly convinced of the truth of the gospel, and all emigrated and became faithful supporters of the Latter-day work.

The following are the names of the ones best remembered:

John Benbow, whose home President Woodruff first visited, and who, after being baptized, advanced money by which the first English edition of the Book of Mormon and the Latter-day Saints' hymn book were printed. He afterwards emigrated to Nauvoo, assisted the prophet with money, traveled with the exiled Saints to Salt Lake City, and lived a few miles south.

John Gailey spent three years following in England, as a traveling elder, with whom, as a youthful companion, I traveled a great many weary miles, emigrated to Nauvoo, and finally settled in Kaysville and died there.

Thomas Clark settled in Tooele valley.

Charles Price settled at Five Points, near Ogden.

Thomas Jones died on the Weber.

John Bailey came in Martin's handcart company, was badly frozen, and died in Salt Lake City.

John Cheese emigrated to Nauvoo and became a captain in the Nauvoo Legion.

John Oakley emigrated and served in Cheese's company.

Henry Steed died in Farmington.

William Steed died in Nauvoo.

John Rowberry became a bishop in Tooele.

John Tyler and James Jones, I believe, died in St. Louis.

Daniel Browett, member of Mormon Battalion, killed by Indians, on his way back to his family.

Robert Harris, of the Mormon Battalion, died in Malad valley.

Edward Phillips lived and died at Kaysville.

Thomas Oakley lived and died at Paris, Idaho.

Thomas Smith (my father) labored as traveling elder in England eleven years, following his ordination, being the chief means of raising up conferences in Worcestershire, Warwickshire and Norfolk, (Norwich) an aggregate of one thousand members, many of whom, or their posterity, are now residents of Salt Lake City and many parts of Utah and Idaho. He emigrated in 1852 and lived and died in Parowan.

Another peculiarity of the United Brethren was that several ladies engaged in vigorous preaching. Their names were as follows:

Mary Steed, who died in St. Louis.

Hannah Gittings, who died in Nauvoo.

Betsy Hilton and a Miss Holmes.

Susan Brooks who became the wife of Apostle Willard Richards and who died in Farmington.

Patriarch Thomas Steed, of Farmington, relates that in a conversation with Susan Brooks she told him that on the last Sunday previous to the visit of President Woodruff that she with a companion were walking a distance to fill an appointment for preaching when one said to the other: "What are you going to preach today?"

"I don't know, I have preached all I know. What are you going to preach?"

"I, also, have preached all I know. I hope the Lord will send us light." And Elder Steed adds, "This was the condition of nearly all the preachers."

Brother Thomas Steed, of Farmington, should be duly credited for much of the information in this paper, as he is about two years older than myself and lived in the Herefordshire circuit, while I lived in the Gatfield Elm circuit. Our memories disagree in nothing.

SUGAR HOUSE, UTAH.

Give Him Useful, Manly Work To Do.

"There is no period more critical than the period of adolescence. It is the storm and stress period of a boy's life. You cannot present a Christianity that is made up of don'ts to a boy. He wants to know of something he can do, not a lot of things he must not do. He must have room to work off the energy God has pumped into him."

An Experience in Jail.

BY ELDER CARL KJÆR.

[From a letter written by President Andrew Jenson, of the Scandinavian Mission, to the First Presidency of the Church, it is learned that the successful labors of the elders in Norway, as reported in the Bergen Conference, excited the attention of the State Church clergy. The number of baptisms in Haugesund, a city of about six thousand inhabitants, located south of Bergen on the west coast, where sixteen new members had been added to the Church, was especially alarming to the clergy, who thereupon incited the civil authorities to take action. It was believed that some of the new converts had not formally withdrawn from the Lutheran church before baptism, which neglect is technically against a law that is seldom enforced in such cases. It was found, however, upon recent investigation by the officers, that all the elders who had done the baptizing had left the country except one, Elder Carl Kjær, of Salt Lake City, Utah, who was arrested. He is the president of the branch at Haugesund, and, Elder Jenson adds, is true to his duties, obedient to counsel, and a zealous and energetic worker.

When Elder Kjær appeared in court he was told that he had been fined twenty kroner, (nearly \$5) for baptizing two little girls whose names had not been previously withdrawn, in conformity with law, from the Lutheran Church records. He was told that in lieu of the fine he might serve twelve days as an ordinary prisoner, or four days on a bread and water diet. To the great surprise of the officials, Elder Kjær chose the latter alternative. He was then imprisoned in a solitary cell, on Tuesday, March 8, in the evening, where he remained until the following Saturday. Prior to his entering the cell, Elder Kjær had the opportunity of explaining the principles of the gospel to the judge and to other officials of the court, and he lost no opportunity during his imprisonment to preach the gospel to the jailer, and to his fellow prison-

ers. He also sent for and bore his testimony to the priest at whose instigation, no doubt, the whole affair had been inaugurated.

With this introduction, President Jenson encloses the account of the imprisonment, written by Elder Kjær himself, from which we make the following synopsis. It should be stated, however, that President Jenson says that subsequent investigation proved that the elders were not guilty of breaking even the technicality of the law, for one of the persons whom Elder Kjær baptized had asked the priest to have her name withdrawn from the records, which he failed to do; and the other was a member of a "Mormon" family.—EDITORS.]

I could not keep my seat when the priest said that the "Mormons" were not Christians. I told him about my dear mother, who is now dead, taking me on her lap many times, when I was only four or five years old, teaching me that Jesus is the Son of God, and about his atonement, and that it is only through him that we all can be saved. Addressing the pastor, I said: "These lessons I'll never forget, as long as I live. Let me tell you, pastor, that my mother was a 'Mormon,' and I was born over in Utah. Now, don't you ever tell anybody that the Latter-day Saints don't teach Christ and him crucified, for so you tell a falsehood." He bowed his head as if ashamed. "Why," said I, "if there are any people who believe in Jesus it is the Latter-day Saints." I explained authority, revelation and priesthood, telling him about the restoration of the same, etc. I made him a present of the *Fundamental Principles of the Gospel*, by Apostle Orson Pratt, which he accepted and promised to read. We parted after an interview of about forty minutes. When the elders previously visited this man he in almost every case, had refused to take our tracts, but now he accepted a good book.

After the priest had gone, the jailer and one of the police came down to know what the priest had said. I preached to them for about fifteen minutes. Then my friend, one of the judges, also came down, and wanted to know what the priest had said to me, and I had another conversation with him. After they had left, a woman prisoner next to my cell, who had overheard my lecture to these officials of the prison, soon began asking me questions concerning "Mormonism." She read aloud, as I dictated to her from the New Testament, thus following through from one principle to

another until the jailer returned. Our conversation lasted about two hours. She knows more about "Mormonism" now, and she said it was her intention to investigate further, and try and live a good life hereafter.

The next morning I noticed a small crack in the partition (the walls being double). I folded up some tracts and a book and forced them through this crack to a certain prisoner, who had advised me to send for the priest. I signaled to him first, and he gladly received the tracts. I also gave the jailer two books, which he promised to read.

Before making up my bed on this last day, I put two small books under the pillow, hoping that they might do good to some one.

Friday and Saturday were hungry days for me. I had lost my appetite and had only eaten two slices of bread, but drank considerable water. Saturday evening, at eight p. m., sharp, I was released, went to the home of one of the Saints and ate a good, hearty meal. On Sunday night our little hall was so overcrowded that I think we will have to hire a larger one, if it keeps on thus.

My name appeared in the newspapers, and the whole affair was explained in the *Haugesund Avis* on Saturday. The editor of that paper is a very good friend of the "Mormon" missionaries.

Monday I made a revisit, or rather a "first self-invitation" to the prison, with an armful of books. I asked permission to have an interview with the chief, and was shown into his office. He took me by the hand, and I thanked him for his kindness and friendliness. He looked down at the floor and replied, "*ingen aarsag*," (no cause). I then praised the force of men under him, and especially the jailer, for his zeal in performing his duty. He thanked me for the kind words I spoke about his men. I then made him a present of a Book of Mormon. He took it, hurriedly looked it over, and then accepted it with a "thank you," and gave me his hand.

I next made my friend, Judge No. 2, a present of the same book. He took me by the hand and thanked me. The other judge received a *Voice of Warning*, and the jailer *The Fundamental Principles of the Gospel*, while every policeman, and even the marshal who arrested me, received some kind of book. Not one refused to accept my books, and all were as polite as could be. I

imagine that this is the first time the judges and prison officials have had any prisoner return, after serving sentence, to thank them for their kindness. We have gained many good friends through this occurrence. I feel very happy and never felt the Spirit of God in such a degree as when I was addressing that priest in the prison; it burned in my breast like fire. The Lord was with me while in jail, and I knew that his guardian angels comforted me, for I could feel their presence.

I've learned many lessons through this experience. I love my Savior, the gospel, and the opportunity I have of being an ambassador of the same, better than ever before. I love my home in Zion, my dear loved ones there, my fellowmen, freedom and liberty. I feel I have done my duty, and would be willing again to go through the same ordeal, if thereby I could bring one honest soul into the fold of Christ.

HAUGESUND, NORWAY.

Church Organization.

The purpose of Church organization is that God may give his covenant people an opportunity to more fully learn the principles of the gospel of his beloved Son, Jesus Christ, and that they may more thoroughly put them into practice. Church organization acts as a disciplinarian of its members; in other words, the laws of the Church are the guards of the members to keep them from overstepping the bounds of propriety. Through Church organization the Lord can more effectively carry out his plans among the children of men.

Through Church organization the members thereof may, with authority, counsel one with another and so impart wisdom. In counsel there is safety.

Through Church organization it is possible for the members of the Church to do all things in unity. In unity there is strength.

Through Church organization God, of necessity, imparts more plentifully of intelligence to his children.

Through Church organization its members may attain to peace and perfect harmony.

The Apostle Paul speaks (Eph. 4) of the gifts and possible attainments of the Saints in his day, through Church organization.

I. W. FLETCHER.

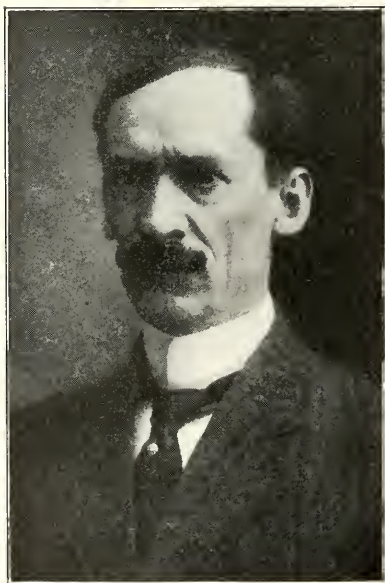
Some Men Who Have Done Things.

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY.

IX.—James G. McDonald.

THE ROAD A CANNY SCOTCH LAD TOOK FROM A SMALL SHOP WITH A
BELL OVER THE DOOR TO THE ONLY EXCLUSIVELY
CHOCOLATE HOUSE IN AMERICA, AND
THE GAIT HE WENT AT.

Is there a boy hereabouts who looks with yearning eyes toward Canada, Mexico or South America because he sees no



JAMES G. McDONALD.

opportunities close by? Let him get by heart the story of McDonald. Does any young man in all our West lose heart because he had no chance to acquire an education? He cannot do better than read about James G. McDonald, who went to school only thirteen weeks. Ten minutes in the McDonald office, down there on Third South Street, in Salt Lake City, would tone up such a boy's system—would fill him so full of "go" that he would never have time again to mourn over lost opportunities, or opportunities he never had.

"You're the first person that has ever asked me to look back,"

Mr. McDonald said to me, when I called on him. "I'm too busy looking ahead. Besides, I don't believe in looking back." When I remembered what happened to Lot's wife, on account of a predilection she had for rearward glances, I could not in all conscience blame him, provided he would look back only this once. And he did.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. McDonald ventured out in business for himself. That business was handling confectionery, Chinese mat rice, and other such articles. Today he employs about four hundred workers in his Salt Lake chocolate and cocoa plant, and has five branch houses—Denver, Seattle, Spokane, Portland and Los Angeles.

The only capital he had to begin with was a Scotch parentage and some early lessons that sank deep. His mother was pronounced in the ability to get, his father in the capacity to keep, and both in the power to work tirelessly. James G. has far outstripped his parents in all these capabilities, and opened up realms in each that the parents did not even dream of. That his home environment was of the right sort otherwise, also, is evident. Mr. McDonald believes in himself, but he believes profoundly in the Lord, as well. He declares that he has never in his life undertaken an important step without first making it a matter of earnest prayer—a thing for which a good many business men nowadays have no time.

A couple of stories, I think, will reveal the secret of James G's success in life.

When a boy he was fond of the violin, as he is yet, in fact; for the McDonalds have a gift in music. And so he wished to take lessons of Professor So-and-so, up the street. He wanted to know what the father thought about it.

"D'ye think, Jimmie," said the canny Scotchman, "ye can be the *best* fiddler in the world?"

Jimmie disclaimed such far-reaching ambitions in the field of the violin.

"Well, then, dinna ye study music. Take something useful. There's monny fiddlers in hell—dinna ye go there."

And here's where Mr. McDonald first learned the difference between a violinist and a fiddler.

A year or so after his marriage he was passing Swaner's jewelry store one evening on his way home. Glancing in at the window he saw a beautiful sterling silver water pitcher. Instantly a bit of sentiment took hold of him. He went in.

"How much is that vase?" he asked the jeweler.

"Thirty-seven dollars."

"I'll take it."

On his way home he got to thinking. "There's thirty-seven dollars I've sunk," he said to himself. "Thirty-seven dollars put out of commission. With that money I could have bought so much goods, turned them so many times a month, and in a year made several hundred dollars."

He has never bought any more silver water pitchers.

I have often, in this series of articles on successful men, had occasion to point out the fact that when you look carefully into the lives of those who have done anything on a big scale, nine to one you will be astonished at the simplicity of their ways of doing it. In none of the men on our list is this fact more patent than in James G. McDonald. There is nothing resembling the dark and devious in his career and methods.

The motive of his life is to succeed. This is a passion with him. Money is not his aim — has never been. Small, as men go, in size, he is a tremendous force. When he sets his Scotch head, depend upon it, something's going to pop, and it won't be the Scotchman, either. And the more difficult the thing, the harder he sets his head. It's a tonic, the way he does things. Daring and venturesome in business as an old buccaneer on the ocean, yet, paradoxical as it may be, he will never enter upon anything till he is assured it will succeed. "I dislike failure of any sort," he said. "I don't want to be a party to anything that is going to fail, that is not going to succeed."

The other day a man came to him with an invitation to join a business enterprise. "What do you know about it?" he inquired. The man did not know very much about it except the general plan. "Then what do you want to go into it for?" A few days afterwards he met the same person. "Since I spoke to you last," he told him, "I have studied that business affair. I've found out the actual standing of concerns like it in Denver, have discovered

the headway it has made, the money invested, the territory it has to put its goods in, and I don't think I want to go into the enterprise."

He looks before he leaps, not because his money may be involved, but because of his desire for success.

Mr. McDonald, however, does not want merely to succeed. He wants to succeed by perfectly honorable and straightforward means. It would be just as easy for him, as for others, to dope his candy, shell his cocoa, or to use other long-shot methods in his trade. But he does not. Instead of using second or third grade butter in his candy, he uses only first grade, and first grade materials in every variety of his products. It is better, he thinks, to ask a fair price for a first class article, than a low price for a second class article. If you satisfy your customers, they will trade with you.

"What would happen, do you think," he asked me, "if I should turn out long-shot goods in cocoa?"

"People would take to drinking tea," I answered.

"Correct!" he exclaimed. "And where would my cocoa business be?"

"But," I protested, "a good many business concerns act on the principle that they *can* turn out successfully long-shot goods."

"That is true," he replied. "But they're fools. Nobody can build up a permanent and growing trade on such a principle. You can't deceive people all the time. The housewife may take your cheap-made goods this once, and say nothing about it. But she goes somewhere else next time. I am building up a business to hand down to my children, and I can't afford to hand them anything that's tarnished."

Nor does Mr. McDonald stop with the material of his candies and cocoa. The very boxes are a thing of beauty and, therefore, desirable. It came about in this way.

When he first went into the business of making his own paper boxes, it was new to him, and he had to make haste slowly. But he knew the principle upon which everything, boxes included, should be made. He knew right from wrong, even here. And so, when his employees, who were on piecework, turned out a crude-looking box, he carried it gingerly over to the heating stove in the

factory and threw it in. The workers lost their piecework and he lost his material, by this interesting process, but he didn't have to keep on burning boxes. And that's a great point. After six months in this business, he took the gold medal for the best boxes, and that against strong competition.

The same honesty characterizes his methods of disposing of his goods. Once he learned that one of his men was resorting to questionable ways of gaining trade. He called him upon that green rug in the office. "Look here," he said, "this business was not built up by tricks. If these things you sell are good, people will buy them and want more. If they're not, what's the use lying about them?"

Success, honest success, but success out of the material at hand—that is also true of Mr. McDonald. And this is a point worth learning.

Mr. McDonald does not go around wondering whether he could not succeed if he only had the moon or some of the fixed stars as his place of abode. He took up his residence, he picked up a business, on this old earth of ours, on the American continent, in western America, in Salt Lake City. And why? Merely for the trivial reason that he happened to have been born here and not somewhere else. If he had been born in New Jersey, he wouldn't have been hunting for Salt Lake. He believes in home industry with a vengeance. "For a number of years," he said, when I asked him about finding opportunities or making them,—“for a number of years our young men have been leaving the state of their birth, their inheritances for what they imagine greater opportunities elsewhere. At the same time farmers and business men of the East and the Middle West have been coming among us and finding greater possibilities than they could find anywhere else. The truth is, too many of our people have got it into their heads that they have to have a hundred and sixty acres of land to make a living on, and as soon as they can't find that amount here they go somewhere else. An Illinois or an Ohio farmer will make an independent fortune out of twenty acres. A Chinaman gets rich out of five acres.

"I visited a plant in this city the other day where they dress about seven thousand chickens a week. Salt Lake city uses about

sixteen thousand pounds of chicken every week. These fowls are shipped here from Kansas. Formerly they were sent in cold storage, but now they come alive in car loads. And the proprietor told me that the saving in feathers alone, which sell for from nine to eighteen cents a pound, almost pays the freight on the whole.

"Why doesn't somebody raise chickens here? Does Kansas have any greater natural advantages than Utah? The trouble is that a good many people do not make the best of what they have.

"A fruit packer in Utah county told me that one acre down there yielded, in peaches, sixteen hundred dollars in one season.



WHERE THE CHOCOLATES ARE MADE.

That's rather high, isn't it? But suppose you take half of this figure as an average yield. Five acres, properly cultivated, will bring four thousand dollars a year. That's not bad.

"There's no need for our young men to go away. All they have to do is to look around them, to make use of what they've got. If they go away, others will take their places here, and then they'll be sorry they went."

The *way* Mr. McDonald has gone about it, is what has counted most, I think. He has done two things that every boy ought to know.

First, he has specialized. It isn't generally known that he deliberately threw away a hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of business, in order to specialize. He eliminated seven hundred kinds of confectionery in order that he might take up one—chocolates. "I cut out the cheap confectionery," he said, "prize boxes, chewing gum, nuts, and such things. What did I do? I went into the exclusive manufacture of chocolates." This was a hazardous thing to do, for no one else had the nerve to try it in America. People said he was crazy, a fool, and called him other choice epithets. But he had his eye on bigger things than what these "people" saw. And now everybody knows the result. He early learned the great law of division of labor—that you can do one thing better than you can do a hundred different things. And he knew, too, the immense territory there is in these western states. He asked me:

"Do you know what I would do if I owned the Blank Hat Factory? (He didn't say *hat* factory at all. He said something else. But hats will do.) I would specialize. If I only made boys' hats, I would go to Philadelphia, get the most skilled hatters (if I couldn't get them here) buy the most modern machinery, and turn out the best boys' hats in the civilized world."

There's nothing like this idea of doing one thing and doing that absolutely right. How many McDonalds do you think there is room for in Utah? Would we had a few more! Home industry would be a different thing then. And you wouldn't have to coax people to buy home-made goods. They'd buy them without. You couldn't stop them from buying. Who has to be wheedled and cajoled into eating McDonald's chocolates!

The second thing I promised to speak of is the man's tireless energy. This is positively something amazing. In this respect he resembles the forces of nature. He believes it is better to wear out than to rust out. A prominent man told him, when he was eighteen, that he was burning the candle at both ends. And yet it seems to last as well as some candles that have never been lighted.

"Most Americans are lazy," he observed. "They're afraid of work—unless you give a different meaning to the word 'afraid,' as in the case of the boy who was so little afraid of work that he lay down and slept by it. Do you think I could have built up a business like this on eight hours a day?"

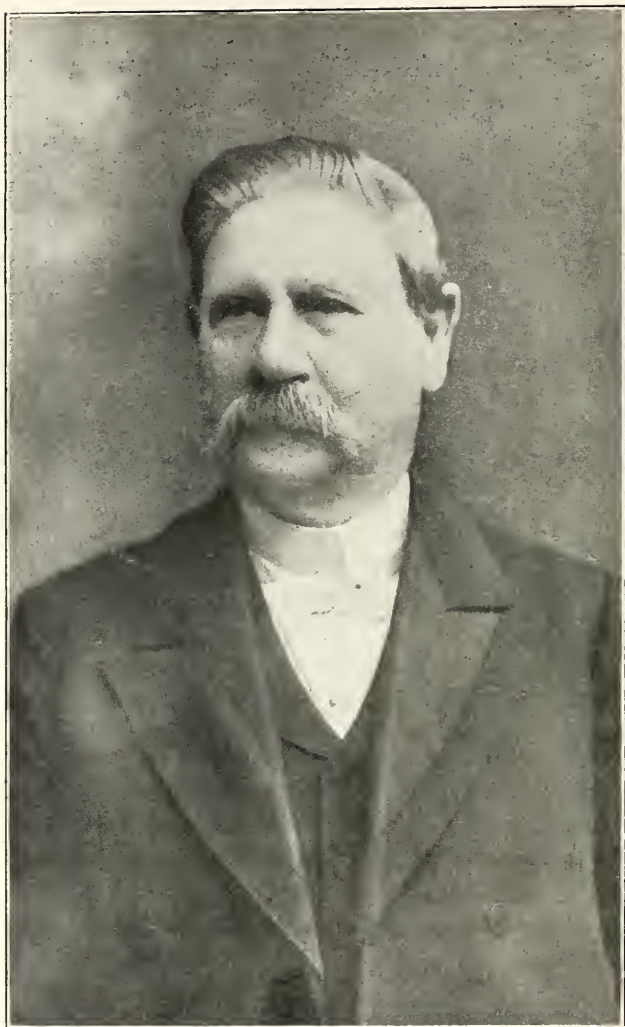
"Eighteen, rather," I suggested.

And he is long-visioned as an eagle. He invented that phrase about Salt Lake's being the hub. He drew a map with Salt Lake as the hub, and seven other cities at the end of the spokes. That came out of the candy and chocolate business. He established a branch house in Los Angeles—and lost money there for four years. Now, however, he is getting it all back—and more. The same is true of Seattle. That is still a bottomless pit. But he characteristically persists, because his eagle eye can see that that city commands the territory of Alaska and of British Columbia.

So it will go on till, in the end, by foresight, by intelligence, by honesty, by untiring work, this astonishing man shall have it literally to say, as he now says figuratively, "McDonald feeds chocolates to the world!"

New States.

The Arizona and New Mexico statehood bill, after remaining on the Senate calendar for almost three months, was taken up by the Senate on June 16, and passed, after a debate lasting a little more than two hours. Speeches were made in favor of the bill by Senators Beveridge, Frazier Hughes and Smoot. As amended by the Senate, the bill provides for the admission as states of the two territories, after a constitution has been adopted by each of them, approved by the president and ratified by Congress. The bill, as amended, has passed both houses, and was signed by President Taft, June 20, 1910.



ELDER CHARLES W. PENROSE,

Of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, who landed in New York June 17, on his return from presiding over the European mission. He left Salt Lake City, October 15, 1906, and arrived June 21, 1910. The ERA joins his many friends in extending him hearty greetings on his return home.

“For Conscience’s Sake.”

A Pioneer Story Based on the Life of George Lake,
one of the first Latter-day Saints
to Colonize Mexico.

BY MAMIE AND VIVA HUISH.

Aloft in the eastern sky, an hour’s length from the hill tops,
Ushering the new born day, the sun in heaven suspended
Looked down on the sleeping wastes, on the miles and miles of prairie,
Whose arms stretched away in the distance, to gather home to its bosom
Strength and life, and herds to graze on its scanty verdure.
Coiling with stealth of a serpent, winding across the valley;
Marked by the Druid *alamoes* that for ages had grown on its margin,
Dipping their hoary beards into the turbulent water,—
Northward the river flowed to empty itself in the Great Lake.

*

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I.

Filled were my eyes with tears, as I gazed on the distant prairie;
And I saw thro’ the mist of years, the care and toil and privation,
Before the dry, bleak desert as the rose should blossom and flourish.
Forgotten were those around me, as I looked at the desolate picture,
Wondering why God had chosen a land so distant and barren.
Driven were we from our homes, with our helpless wives and our children;
Bound by a common belief—to suffer in common for freedom.
Dusty and careworn and weary, from the miles of tedious travel,
Kneeled my companions with me, to pour forth our hearts in devotion.
Looking into each face, where the light of each soul was reflected,
Saw I no trace of fear, but a patience enduring and God-like;
Feared they not the hardships that lay in the years before them;

Feared they to disobey when God commands from the heavens.
Renewed by the strength of their faith, with the union of loved ones
 around me,
The finding a haven of rest filled my grateful heart to o'erflowing—
So, with our teams and our wagons, we entered the quiet valley.

II.

Away to the south and the west, with its *patios* and low adobe houses,
Lay a peaceful Mexican village all serene. By the banks of the river
Were the farms that yielded their food and were tilled in a crude, ancient
 fashion.
Renting one of these farms for the half the crop we might gather,
The grain we had brought from our homes, tho' late in the season, was
 planted;
And, stretching our tents near the river, in the shade of the sheltering
 branches,
We started our lives anew, as strangers among a strange people.

III.

Then came the season of drought, and the lagging days grew longer,
Bringing the sultry weather,—the days and nights without moisture.
Shrinking within itself, the river, now but a streamlet,
Fain would withhold from the sun the draught that he eagerly sought
 for,
As he swept with fiery breath the fields that were midway to harvest;
And the hopes that had sprung in our hearts, with the grain drooped low
 'neath his anger.
What wonder that we should despair: gone was our store of provisions,
Even the little corn which we daily ground in *mataties*
Bought of a native *amigo*, who illy could spare it, diminished
Till we scarcely could spare enough to give to the hungry children.
Unused were we to the climate, but we struggled on for existence,
Wanting for nourishing food, and the comforts that we had been used to.
Strong and brave were our hearts, but our bodies, that part which was
 mortal,
Succumbed. My heart grew faint as I watched my darling children
Tossing with aching heads to and fro on their little pillows;
Hot and red on their lips and brows burned the flush of the fever.
Twice the sun rose and set, to bring no relief to the sufferers;
Sinking to rest on the morrow saw a life ebb away, and then vanish
As a flickering candle-light dies with a gust of wind thro' the casement.

Patiently Mary attended the child of her sister-companion,
 Moistening the feverish lips and aching brow, and in silence
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead,—soon to hasten
 To shroud two babes of her own, e'er the week of suffering ended.
 We carried the three to a valley, away to the south and the westward,
 Where some of the Saints had been gathered; following far up the river,
 On past the homes of the living,—our loved ones the *first* to inhabit
 The City of Death, to be left in God's care; then returning
 To kneel by the bedside of those who were slowly recovering,
 We prayed: "Oh, Heavenly Father, look down in thy infinite mercy
 And fill our hearts with that faith that thou hast taught us to cherish;
 That we may be able to see thy light though the shadows that darken.
 We have followed thy hand through the desert, now forsake us not in our
 sorrow.

We know that thou, in thy wisdom, has placed these trials before us
 To give us strength to endure, that our footsteps turn not nor falter.
 Help us to live to be worthy the blessings that follow the faithful.
 And we dedicate all that we have to thine own namesake and thy
 glory."

Renewed by the incense of faith, we arose, knowing "all would be
 well."

IV.

"Sorrow cometh not single," and the breath of woe, ere departing,
 Swept over the Mexican village, and many were seized by the fever.
 Unaided they died,—and we, by the bonds of a similar sorrow,
 Prayed God to inspire our minds that we might be able to help them.
 Wandering one day by the river, the voice of guidance prompting,
 I peeled from the *alamo* trunk the bark, which I burned into ashes.
 Making a simple infusion which relieved their terrible suffering.
 Thus many weeks I watched and prayed by their bedsides, frequenting
 Lowly and wretched roofs, and thro' hallways to canopied chambers
 Where distress and sorrow concealed themselves from the sunlight.
 Night after night, when all were asleep, I hastened on to my duty;
 And then, as the morning approached, returned to my home from the
 watching.

Thus we were able to help them. Thus heaven in goodness provided
 That I found a place in their hearts, and they called me "The Good White
 Doctor."

This was my mission to be, called by a holy apostle
 To tarry with "God's chosen people," awhile not to join with my brethren.

V.

Opened the window of heaven, and God looked and smiled thro' the curtain,
As the rains cooled the breath of the prairie, with a promise of bountiful harvest.
And he sent the "Angel of Goodness" to reveal to the hearts of the natives
Our poverty, sorrow and want, and he gave them the needed pity.

VI.

One night, as we sat in the twilight, watching the dim shadows gather,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges;
And we knew the soft tread of the *tegua*, and Manuel, the weaver, entered,
Laying his gift down before us, the half of a fatted yearling,
Only half he retained to feed his own hungry household.
Into my mouth came these words, "Senor Manuel Hernandez,
God from the heavens above will look down and reward you with plenty."

VII.

As when across the sky, the driving pulse of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness,
Our lives had been brightened awhile to enter a cloud which was darker.
Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mist uprose from the river,
There was a stir and a sound in the peaceful Mexican village.
The governor issued an order that the Saints of God should be exiled
And driven out of this land; and we knew not where we could wander.
Return to our homes? No; never! For that meant a cruel desertion
Of our loved ones—our wives and our children, and a forfeit of blessings celestial.
But the angel stretched forth his hand and, gathering the cloud in his mantle,
Sent a messenger forth to save us; and Don Celvestre Queveda
Arose and said to the people, "Answer will I to the governor,
If stay in the land you will, till your harvest is ripened and gathered."

VIII.

Autumn came with her easel and painted the landscape with beauty,
Trailing her crimson garments to herald a song of thanksgiving.
Up from the teeming earth a voice re-echoed her gladness,
And insect choirs sang hymns, as we welcomed the harvest home.

IX.

With means from my practice I purchased a *terreno* for seventy *pesos*,
From the emigrant road to the river, the *first* that was bought by our
people.

In the summer of eighty and eight, with Sarah's help and the children's,
I completed the *first* adobe house, the "corner stone of a city."

* * * *

Aloft in the eastern sky the sun still rises in splendor,—
Looks down on a fruitful valley, on miles of limitless prairie,
Whose arms have brought from the distance, and hold in its heaving
bosom

Strength and life, and a people who have made the desert to blossom.
Still to the south and the west lies the peaceful Mexican village;
Still flows the river northward to empty itself in the Great Lake.
Here stands a flourishing city; but where are the hearts that so grandly
Throbbled in harmonious accents to strengthen and lighten a nation?
They who suffered and cried not;—who gave up their homes and
their kindred,

Walking with naked feet, for the sake of the conscience within them?

"Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;—

Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever;

Thousands of aching brains where theirs no longer are busy;

Thousands of toiling hands where theirs have ceased from their labors;
Thousands of weary feet where theirs have completed their journey."—

Oh, pause by your hearthstones a moment, as you gather around with
your children,

To instil in their hearts the same faith, oh, tell them "The Pioneer
Story."

COLONIA DUBLIN, MEXICO.

Meaning of Our Flag.

It means that every citizen of the Republic, native or naturalized,
must be protected at home in every state, abroad in every land, on every
sea. It means that all distinctions based on birth and blood have per-
ished from our laws; that our government shall stand between labor and
capital; between the weak and the strong; between the individual and the
corporation; between want and wealth; and give and guarantee simple
justice to each and all. It means that there shall be a legal remedy for
every wrong.—INGERSOLL.

Editor's Table.

Which Will You Save?

To observe the Sabbath day properly is the plain duty of every Latter-day Saint—and that includes the young men and women and the boys and girls. It may seem strange that it should be necessary to repeat this often-asserted fact. But there appears to be some people, and sometimes whole communities, who neglect this duty, and therefore stand in need of this admonition.

What are we required to do on the Sabbath day? The revelations of the Lord to the Prophet Joseph are very plain on this subject, and these should govern us, for they are in strict harmony with the teachings of the Savior. Here are some of the simple requirements:

The Sabbath is appointed unto you to rest from your labors.

The Sabbath is a special day for you to worship, to pray and to show zeal and ardor in your religious faith and duty—to pay devotions to the Most High.

The Sabbath is a day when you are required to offer your time and attention in worship of the Lord; whether in meeting, in the home, or wherever you may be—that is the thought that should occupy your mind.

The Sabbath is a day when, with your brethren and sisters, you should attend the meetings of the Saints, prepared to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper; having first confessed your sins before the Lord and your brethren and sisters, and forgiven your fellows as you expect the Lord to forgive you.

On the Sabbath day you are to do no other thing than to prepare your food with singleness of heart, that your fasting may be

perfect, and your joy may be full. This is what the Lord calls fasting and prayer.

The reason for this required course upon the Sabbath is also plainly stated in the revelations. It is that one may more fully keep himself unspotted from the world; and to this end, also, the Saints are required to go to the house of prayer and offer up their sacraments on the Sabbath day.

Now, what is the promise to the Saints who observe the Sabbath? The Lord declares that inasmuch as they do this with cheerful hearts and countenances, the fulness of the earth is theirs: "the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, and that which climbeth upon the trees and walketh upon the earth. Yea, and the herb, and the good things which cometh of the earth, whether for food or for raiment, or for houses, or for barns, or for orchards, or for gardens, or for vineyards."

These are all made for the benefit and use of man, to please the eye and to gladden the heart, to strengthen the body and to enliven the soul. All are promised to those who keep the commandments, and among the commandments is this important one, to observe properly the Sabbath day.

The Lord is not pleased with people who know these things and do them not.

Men are not resting from their labors when they plow, and plant, and haul and dig. They are not resting when they linger around the home all day on Sunday, doing odd jobs that they have been too busy to do on other days.

Men are not showing zeal and ardor in their religious faith and duty when they hustle off early on Sunday morning on the cars, in teams, in automobiles, to the canyons, the resorts, and to visit friends or places of amusement, with their wives and children. They are not paying their devotions in this way to the Most High.

Not in seeking pleasure and recreation do they offer their time and attention in the worship of the Lord; nor can they thus rejoice in the spirit of forgiveness and worship that comes with partaking of the holy sacrament.

Boys and young men are not fasting with singleness of heart, that their joy may be full, when they spend the Sabbath day loafing around the village ice cream stand or restaurant, playing

games, or in buggy-riding, fishing, shooting, or engaged in physical sports, excursions and outings. Such is not the course that will keep them unspotted from the world, but rather one that will deprive them of the rich promises of the Lord, give them sorrow instead of joy, and unrest and anxiety instead of the peace that comes with works of righteousness.

Let us play and take recreation to our heart's content during other days, but on the Sabbath let us rest, worship, go to the house of prayer, partake of the sacrament, eat our food with singleness of heart, and pay our devotions to God, that the fulness of the earth may be ours, and that we may have peace in this world and eternal life in the world to come.

"But," says one, "in our settlement we have no other day for amusements and sports, excursions and outings, ball games and races."

Then demand one.

Is it possible that parents, in the face of the promises of the Lord, will deny a day in the week when their children may have recreation; and so force them to spend the Sabbath in sports!

One prominent man, in one of the northern stakes, where ball games and other sports are said to be the rule on Sunday, asked what could be done to remedy the evil. He was told to try a half holiday on one of the week days—say Saturday.

"Then," he replied, "we can have no change nor remedy. Here are hundreds of acres of hay and ripening fields crying for workmen, and we cannot spare our boys for play."

The best reply to such an argument is the question: Which is best, to let the hay go to ruin, or the boy? Let the hay go; save the boy. He is worth more than all your material possessions. Save him in the spirit of the gospel,—protect him from Sabbath-breaking,—by offering a little temporal sacrifice, and the Lord will keep his promises to you. Get together in your ward, unitedly select a day for play and recreation; and, like faithful Saints, demand that the Sabbath day, as far as you and yours are concerned, shall be devoted to the Lord our God!

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Messages from the Missions.

Elder A. R. Babcock writes from New Haven, Conn.: "Gospel and life, as the Latter-day Saints understand them, are attracting the attention of many cultured citizens of this city. The cottage meetings held speak louder than words. On December 15, the first one in a dozen years was held here. January, 1910, there were four held, with an attendance of ten persons at each. In February, there were seven held; in March, ten; and in April, fifteen, with an average of twenty-five persons present. We receive our pay in full every day in contentment."



ELDERS LABORING IN NEW HAVEN, CONN.

From left to right: Don C. Smith, Snowflake, Arizona; A. Leroy Staker, Teton, Idaho; A. Rowley Babcock, Lost River, Idaho; and J. Wayne Peterson, Heber, Utah.

President J. C. Larsen, Jr, writing from 375 Moss Lane East, Whitworth Park, Manchester, England, May 14, 1910, says: "A special public

meeting was held at Manchester, April 20, for the purpose of opening and dedicating our new hall. In spite of the inclement weather, there were one hundred Saints and friends from this and other branches of the Manchester conference present, who were comfortably seated in the large room, and greatly enjoyed the spiritual and intellectual feast. President Charles W. Penrose came over from Liverpool to be with us on the occasion. The congregation sang, "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet." Prayer by Elder John E. Layne. Singing, "This house we dedicate to thee." Conference President J. C. Larsen, Jr., welcomed all, and briefly told how the building had been acquired. President Penrose then dedicated the ground and building to the service of the Lord, asking the blessings of God on it, and on all who may come to it, either to preach the gospel or to learn the will of the Lord. Elder Nathan Done sang the sacred solo, "Sometime We'll Understand." President Penrose occupied the remaining time, explaining some of the duties and possibilities of Latter-day Saints. He showed the difference between eternal life and eternal existence. Said all God's children would have an eternal dwelling place somewhere, but to become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ in the kingdom of the Father, they will have to



ELDERS IN MANCHESTER CONFERENCE.

Left to right, back row: W. C. Mills, L. G. Taylor, W. E. Mitten, J. McMurdie, S. O. Bryson, H. C. C. Rich. Second row: J. F. Bagnalt, D. L. Pugh, N. R. Pixton, J. T. Williams, J. E. Layne. Third row: J. H. Bankhead, N. F. Bullen, George Briggs, Charles Porter, A. A. Atkinson, F. B. Meads, William Chappel. Fourth row: S. B. Wallis (local), D. R. Wilding, W. A. Langton, A. J. Munns. Front row: W. S. Glenn, Nathan Done, C. W. Gibbs, J. C. Larsen, Jr., (Conference President), H. Chamberlain, J. L. Barrow and C. D. Spence.

keep his commandments and exhibit the Christ-like spirit of brotherly love. There was an excellent spirit at the meeting.

Both Saints and friends are well pleased with the new church, and feel it to be a long-felt want fully realized. The brick building contains three good sized rooms and a cloak-room. It is fitted up with gas and water, and has other modern conveniences. It has ample back and front yards, and is enclosed by a neat iron railing and hedge. It is located in



New Latter-day Saints' Church, Manchester, England, 88 Clarendon, Rd.,
Off High Street, C on M., as taken before the
building was fixed for use.

a very quiet and respectable residence district. The final settlement was made, and the deeds delivered just a few hours before the building was dedicated.

We are very happy, and are most grateful to our mission president and to the Church authorities, at home in Zion, for buying us such a splendid place of worship. We feel it will be a power for good in spreading the truths of the restored gospel.

We are all well, and the work is in a prosperous condition. We all read the ERA with much profit.

Priesthood Quorums' Table.

The Power of Habit.—On Saturday morning, May 28, last, at the priesthood meeting of the Granite stake, there were some one hundred and sixty-five members of the Lesser Priesthood quorums present. Elder George M. Cannon was given five minutes to talk to the boys, and he made the following interesting remarks on the power of habit:

"I must say it is a very pleasing sight to see so many boys here this morning. I feel that great good will come to these boys from the privilege they have of attending meetings of this kind. When a little boy, I belonged to a ward in which the bishop took a good deal of pains with the boys of that ward—the fourteenth ward, Salt Lake City. We were early ordained deacons, and then gradually promoted to the various orders of the priesthood, and, personally, I received great benefit from the work assigned to us in that way. It is a good thing for the boys to learn that which is required of them as deacons, so that when they grow up they may understand the office and duty of a deacon. It is a good thing to be able, then, to do that which is required of a teacher; and, later, the work of a priest; and, finally, to receive a promotion such as is offered to many of the young men here today—to become elders. All of these offices were conferred upon me, and I was always thankful that I belonged to a ward where the bishop took pains in using the boys from the time of their youth until they became young men.

"I deem it a blessing, also, that the boys may come together this morning, to a place where they meet the prophet of the Lord, for we have with us, on this occasion, President Joseph F. Smith and both of his counselors. The time may come when the boys here present will be glad to testify to their children, and to those whom they meet, that they came, on this day in May, 1910, to this building, and were privileged to see the prophet of the Lord. I remember, myself, an experience that I had similar to this, by the permission of the bishopric of our ward, prior to the death of President Brigham Young. It was the custom in those days to hold priesthood meetings in the old Council House, which

was located at the place where the large Deseret News building now stands. I remember going to one of those meetings—the last public meeting, as I recall it, that was ever attended by President Brigham Young. I remember the remarks he made on that occasion, and I have always felt glad in my heart that I was invited to go to those meetings. I had frequently been to the Tabernacle, where we could see President Young from a distance, but in this particular meeting I was sitting a very few benches from where he sat, and I could hear every word he said, even in a quiet, conversational tone. I believe you boys who are present here will, in after life, appreciate the privilege you have of meeting the presiding authorities here today, and it will be a source of strength to you.

“I remember one of the lessons President Young sought to enforce at that time, and that was the necessity of our people being true to each other and the necessity of forming good habits. He told a story about a little boy away back in New England. He lived in a frame house, and when he was a little child he slept in the attic in that house. There happened to be a knot-hole in one of the boards, and it was his custom, on arising in the morning, to go to this place and put his finger into the knot-hole. The sun would stream onto it, and it would show the blood and bones in his hand. If any of you have ever put your finger into a knot-hole, where the sun was shining, you have seen a similar result to what we call an X-Ray; you can see the bone, the flesh and the blood. This little boy did that every morning when he got up. After awhile he grew to be a young man, and he entered business. In a short time, because of his faithfulness, he was promoted and became the junior partner. One morning he was called from his room in haste. He still slept in the attic, and he was called suddenly downstairs, so that he forgot his little custom. When he got downstairs he attended to that for which they had called him; then he had breakfast, and went off to his work. All the time he was eating his breakfast, he was wondering what he had forgotten. After awhile he went off to his office, and still he wondered what he had forgotten or neglected. He attended to his correspondence and his business duties, but still he could not think what it was. It worried him very much, and he asked the other members of the firm if they knew of any appointment he had made. He also asked the clerks if they knew of anything he had promised to do. Finally, he went back to his desk and commenced to look through his papers. Then he remembered what it was; he picked up his hat, rushed home, up to his room, and he stuck his finger into the knot-hole. (Laughter.)

“That was told by President Young to illustrate the power of habit.

If you form good habits, those things will stay with you through life, and help you to do right. If you form bad habits, they will make you their slaves.

"You can be bound by your habits, just like the boy was who was called up by his teacher. She told him she was going to tie him up with a spool of thread, and the boy laughed at the idea of a little, weak woman tying him with a spool of thread. She had him put his thumbs up; they were crossed at the joints; and she began to wind the thread around them. She twisted the thread around, and around, and around again, until the thread had formed a band so strong he could not move his thumbs; he was bound by this little string of thread. After awhile she said, "Let's see you break loose." He was powerless, he could not move his thumbs; he was fastened as securely as if with iron bands. So it is with habit: if we form good habits, they will help us in life; if we form bad habits, they will enslave us. So President Frank Y. Taylor asks the young men to keep themselves pure and sweet, so that the Spirit of God may dwell in their tabernacles, which I pray may be the lot of all of us, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

A Word to the Youth of Zion.—How can the young people of Zion best help the missionary cause? Upon whom does the responsibility of the spiritual growth of Zion depend? Upon those who have fought most of life's battle, or those who have the fight before them? Let all the youth of Zion strive for the advancement of the cause at home. There is just as bright a crown for those who do their duty at home as for those who work abroad. To do his duty is all that is required of any one. Though we may not at present be able to preach the gospel in the world, we can preach it at home by our every act, and in our everyday life. "Actions speak louder than words." I hope we may start the fight right and carry our banners to the front, thus following the paths of the noble ones who have gone before, and left us to finish the great work they have begun. You start right when you do your duty in your priesthood quorum.—W. J.

Died in the Mission Field.—Elder Thaddeus Walker, of Inkom, Idaho, died in the Southern States Mission, on April 15, 1910, age twenty-one years. He had been on his mission twenty-four months. He labored for twenty-three months in the Florida conference, and died at Atlanta, Georgia, of typhoid fever. His companions speak of him as being pure, true and faithful. His body was embalmed and sent home for burial.

Mutual Work.

M. I. A. Track Meet.

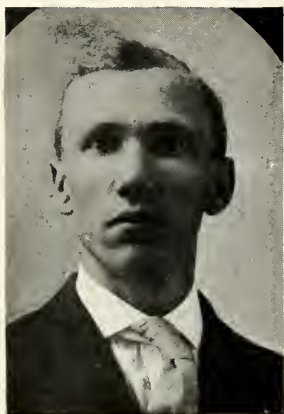
The second annual track meet of the Millard Stake Mutual Improvement Associations was held at Holden, April 21, 22 and 23. The weather conditions were ideal, and the good people of Holden royally entertained the hosts of visitors. Stake Secretary Albert E. Gull, of Meadow, reports that Joseph E. Maddock, the pleasant and affable coach of the University of Utah, conducted the event without a hitch. Professor Plumb's band, of Hinckley, discoursed sweet music. The success of the meet, he says, was due, in a large measure, to the efficient services of the Athletic and Oratorical committees. Eight out of the eleven wards in



KARL H. DAY,
Fillmore, winner in 100, 220
and 440 yard dashes.



ALONZO HUNTSMAN,
Fillmore, winner in standing
and running high jumps,
running broad jumps, and 220
yards hurdle race.



ALBERT J. ASHMAN,
Fillmore, winner in Oratory.



FRED NEILSEN,
Leamington, Shot-put hero,
distance, 32 feet 1 inch.



HINCKLEY JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

Standing: F. L. Hickman, coach. Top row: Arthur Reeve, Lucin Whitehead, Johnny Wright, Clarence Bishop. Bottom row: William Blake, Moroni Moody, Johnny Greener.

the stake entered contestants, and there were more than one hundred entries, besides those who entered for story telling and oratory,—a material increase over last year's entries. All the officers and those immediately interested were greatly pleased with the way the young people conducted themselves, and feel that much good will come from these annual gatherings. Each victor on the field will receive a signet pin, while the winners in oratory will receive rewards of a literary character.

Events, and those who won out:

100, 220 and 440 yard dashes—Karl H. Day, M. I. A. president of Fillmore, time 10 1-5, 23 $\frac{3}{4}$, 53 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec., respectively.

880-yard run—John Lundahl, of Oak City, time: 2.04 minutes.

One-mile run—Charles C. Roper, of Oak City, time: 4.48 minutes.

880-yard relay race—John Lundahl, Winslow Walker, Charles G. Roper and Ray Finlinson, all of Oak City.



SOME OF THE CHAMPIONS AND THEIR COACHES.

Back row: Soren J. Rawlinson, coach; Willard Christensen, LeRoy Walker, Alonzo Christensen, of the Oak City senior basket ball team; George E. Finlinson, president Y. M. I. A., chairman stake athletic committee and manager Oak City athletics. Second row: Winslow Walker, Oak City basket ball team; Joseph H. Maddock, coach, U. of U.; John Lundahl, Oak City basket ball team and winner in half-mile run; Stanley Lovell, winner in hammer throw. Bottom row: Clarence Nielsen, Oak City basket ball team; Roy Finlinson, Fred S. Lyman, winner in pole vault; Charles G. Roper, winner in one-mile run.



OASIS BASKET BALL TEAM, WINNERS AT THE M. I. A. CONTEST.

Top row, left to right: Hulda Hansen, Inga Christensen, Carrie Jensen, Lella Langston, Dora Henry. Bottom row: Lillie Hansen, Ava Bennett.

220-yard hurdle race—Alonzo Huntsman, of Fillmore, time: 27 seconds.

The standing high jump, height not given; the running high jump, five feet, nine inches; and the broad jump, twenty feet, six inches, were also won by Huntsman.

Shot put—Fred Nielson, of Leamington, distance 32 feet, 1 inch.

Hammer throw—Stanley Lovell of Oak City, 95 feet 8 inches.

Pole vault—Fred S. Lyman, of Oak City, 8 feet.

Senior basket ball—Oak City.

Junior basket ball—Hinckley.

Ladies' basket ball—Oasis.

Oral stories—first prize, Edith Cooper, of Deseret, subject: "Queen Esther;" second prize, Ada Brunson, of Fillmore, subject: "Miriam."

Orations—A. J. Ashman, of Fillmore, and Richard Nixon, of Holden, subjects: "The Peace Movement," and "Abraham Lincoln."

Thus ended the three days' contest, and one of the largest gatherings ever held in Millard stake. Oak City carried off sixty-seven points, and won the silver cup from Deseret. The officers of the association express

their hope that the movement will still grow, and that it may be the means of improving the condition of the young people along all lines.

Following are the Y. L. M. I. A. officers: Maggie Hatch, Albertina Fisher, Rose Jensen, Addie Hansen.

The Y. M. M. I. A. officers: Jesse J. Bennett, Heber N. Beckstrand Arthur Stott, Albert E. Gull.

Annual Conference.

The Fifteenth General Annual Conference of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held June 3, 4, and 5, 1910, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

The officers of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations assembled at Barratt Hall, June 4, 10 a. m., some five hundred being present, and Assistant Superintendent Heber J. Grant presiding.

Singing, "O ye mountains high"—Congregation.

Prayer by Elder Joseph W. McMurrin.

Singing, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told"—Provo quartet.

Big Horn and Morgan were the only stakes unrepresented. The other sixty stakes were represented by three hundred and nineteen officers.

Elder Douglas M. Todd spoke on

EFFICIENT STAKE SUPERVISION.

He referred to the organization of committees, to monthly officers' meetings, weekly stake officers' meetings and efficient class teachers. Elder Todd emphasized the necessity of having a well organized stake board and of meeting regularly and planning the work. He said: "We have many enquiries coming in from superintendents as to work regulation, and we find that the best results accrue where there is a strong stake board regulating their work according to their peculiar conditions. The stake board should be reasonably compact, and the weekly meetings must be held regularly. There should be a regular organization of committees. A good class leader is not always a good superintendent, and *vice versa*. When we find a young man well qualified for any particular position, it is well to keep him there. We believe in distributing the work among the young men. We have a great deal of work to perform, and our plan is based on the supposition that we have a great many workers. Nothing develops a young man faster than the placing of duties upon his shoulders commensurate with his capacities. Unless we can get more young men into the work, there will be a burden on the

shoulders of the few. Not getting together and organizing right, not working to system, and lack of diligence, is where we fail. The duty of the man in charge is to see that the others carry out the work under him. If he does that well, he will have his hands full. We must have a reasonably large stake board, with the best obtainable material, and there must be efficient work. When a young man comes home from college or a mission, there is a rivalry among the various Church organizations to secure his services, and we must be up and doing. But in the selection of a young man, a great deal depends on the spirit he manifests. If he does not show the proper spirit, with humility, his plans and work will amount to very little. Every man is entitled to the inspiration of his calling, and this inspiration should make him a leader in his work.

Superintendent Heber J. Grant sang, "The Flag Without a Stain," the congregation joining in the chorus.

Elder Oscar A. Kirkham, musical director of the association, read a very able paper on the subject of

MUSIC IN THE ASSOCIATIONS.

He told of the good effect of an inspiring song-program at the opening of religious exercises, and emphasized the necessity of having energetic young men to look after the musical talent and musical features, and it need not necessarily be the choir leader, who may be overburdened with work. He stated that under careful supervision, quartets and choruses might be formed, and these combined would make an excellent male chorus for stake occasions. He advised that all the singers learn the melody of our hymns before taking up part singing. While he did not wish to discourage part singing, he thought that all our people ought to be able to sing the melody of our hymns.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe gave an interesting talk on

DEBATES.

This was a practically new feature of our work, but a number of associations had taken it up during the past winter and had met with success. Prospects are that next year many more of the organizations will take up debating, as the young ladies have decided to join in this feature. One additional conjoint meeting a month will be provided in their program, at which time the young ladies may take part in the debating work of the associations. A number of people had questioned the propriety of debating, as it led to differences of opinion, and in some cases to wrangling, so that no good result had come from them. He explained

the modern methods, and stated that there is no relationship between the old and the modern methods of debating. In debates there must first be a good selection of subject; then comes the thorough searching out of matter pertaining to the subject, the presentation in clear, concise, logical form, and, finally, the public delivery; but that is of little consequence as compared to the first-mentioned, more important features. At the conclusion of his address Dr. Widtsoe gave a forcible illustration of modern debates by introducing two bright young men of the Granite stake board, John E. Pixton for the negative and Hugo B. Anderson for the affirmative, their subject being, "Resolved, that a system of bank deposit guarantee similar to that of Oklahoma is desirable."

Charles H. Hart, W. H. Smart, and Joseph F. Smith, Jr., were appointed judges, with Superintendent David H. Morris, of St. George, and Superintendent A. E. Cranney, of Logan, as time-keepers. The judges, after the spirited contest, rendered a mixed verdict, two in favor of the affirmative, and one for the negative. The decision was greeted with applause, as were the young men after each of their meritorious speeches.

Elder B. H. Roberts spoke briefly on the cause of the feeling that once existed among our communities against debating, saying it came from the old religious debates once extant in the Church, which often developed into wrangling among the audiences, as well as among the debaters, the meeting often running on till midnight. The speaker was not in favor of debating on religious subjects, but thought debating as carried on at present, with suitable subjects and proper regulations, would be productive of much good.

Some few minutes were then devoted to explaining the different departments of the work, and the asking of pertinent questions.

Adjourned. Singing, "Praise to God, immortal praise"—Provo quartet.

Benediction by Elder Frank Y. Taylor.

Meeting again convened in Barratt Hall at 2 o'clock, Assistant Superintendent Heber J. Grant presiding.

Singing, "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet"—Congregation.

Prayer by Elder Nephi L. Morris.

Violin solo—Professor W. C. Clive.

Elder Lyman R. Martineau, on

ATHLETICS,

was the first speaker in the afternoon session. Elder Martineau stated that as far as he could learn from the different organizations, athletics

had been a success, and had been the means of bringing a number of boys into the associations, who had not previously attended. He stated that the Juvenile Court had handled some three thousand, five hundred juvenile delinquents last year, and ninety-five per cent of these boys and girls had no official home, no place where they could go to have a social time in their own community, so they went out to seek friends. He thought that if our organizations would take up athletics and make it one of the prominent features of their work, and invite the boys that were inclined to be wayward, that in due course of time these very boys would become enrolled members in the organizations. He recommended that wherever practicable, the organization purchase some two or three acres for a campus of their own, and that they induce the boys to take care of it and become interested in it. It is not necessary to have an extensively equipped campus, but a few things at a time should be secured, until they have a well equipped campus. He also recommended that where a community was erecting a gymnasium or library, or were pushing any municipal movement, that the M. I. A. organizations co-operate with them and help to make it a success; but where there are no movements of this kind, that our organizations take the first steps. Elder Martineau argued that athletics, carried on in a proper manner, will do much to increase our attendance and bring about a general moral uplift.

Elder John Henry Evans then gave a talk on

GETTING MANUAL LESSONS.

He stated that the manuals for this coming year would be "The Making of the Citizen," for the senior classes; and "Lessons in Conduct" for the junior classes, abounding in concrete narrative material, presented in a new and attractive way. The manuals for the senior class will take up economics and the general business affairs of life. There will be fifteen lessons in each manual. To begin with Elder Evans emphasized the necessity of getting the best man in the ward to teach the class, not necessarily a professional teacher, but one who is willing to work. The work in the mutual widely differs from that in the public schools, where the pupils prepare their lessons at home, to a great extent. Elder Evans recommended that where necessary, and when home preparation had been neglected, the teacher actually study the lesson with the students in class, and make the lesson as informal as possible. To do this successfully each member must have a text book in his hands. Where home preparation could be obtained, it was the ideal way, and by far the best means, but where circumstances were such that home preparation could not be obtained, he recommended the above methods.

Solo, "The Earth is the Lord's"—Oscar A. Kirkham.
 Dr. George H. Brimhall spoke on the

READING COURSE.

The Committee on Reading Course had recommended the following books for 1910-11:

For the Seniors: *Lorna Doone*, by Blackmore; Brewer's *American Citizenship*; *Captain Bonneville*, by Washington Irving; and Emerson's *Essays: Friendship, Prudence and Heroism*, in one book.

For the Juniors: *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, by J. G. Holland; *The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys*, by Zollinger; *The Bishop's Shadow*, by I. T. Thurston.

Brother Brimhall stated that all these books had good points in them, but like most other books, none of them were all good.

Time was devoted to

PERTINENT QUESTIONS,

during which the subjects of debates was again brought up. A number of officers stated that they held their regular meetings on Sunday evening, and asked the propriety of holding debates on that evening. Elder B. H. Roberts stated that in view of some of the Church members feeling somewhat opposed to debating at all, on account of trouble that had arisen through debating in the past, and because of regard for the Sabbath day, that we do not hold debates on Sunday evening, since such action would tend to prejudice against them. After some discussion, a motion carried unanimously that debates be not held on Sunday evenings.

General Secretary Moroni Snow read the statistical and financial reports, which will appear in these columns later.

(The minutes, containing the other proceedings of Saturday and Sunday, will be concluded in the August ERA which will also contain some of the speeches made at the convention, and other important matter relating to our work. The fall convention dates have been set, and forwarded to the stake superintendents, who are requested to verify them, and if any changes are desired, to notify the General Secretary. The corrected dates will appear in the August number of the ERA.)

Passing Events.

At the Lehi Tabernacle, on Sunday afternoon, May 8, 1910, 1,291 people attended meeting. The occasion was the dedication of the splendid building. Bishop James H. Gardner, of the second ward, pre-



LEHI TABERNACLE.

Dedicated May 9, 1910.

heretofore appeared in the IMPROVEMENT ERA. The corner stone of this tabernacle was laid on the 14th of September, 1901, the ground having been broken in the fall of 1900. The dimensions of the building outside

sided, and Presidents Joseph F. Smith and Anthon H. Lund, the stake presidency, high councilors and bishops of the stake were present. This tabernacle is one of the finest churches in the state. It is built of buff-colored pressed brick, on a foundation of blue limestone, with a heavy footing of concrete. The seating capacity is 1,100, and the cost \$46,500, not counting the beautiful pipe organ, nineteen feet high, eight feet deep and twenty feet wide, having thirteen couplers and accessories, which cost \$3,700. A portrait and description of the organ has

are 76 by 121 feet, the main auditorium being 60 by 80 feet. Lehi was one ward at the time it was started, presided over by Bishop T. R. Cutler, but before it was completed the city was divided into four, with Anders Fjeld, James H. Gardner, Henry Lewis and John Stoker bishops of the respective wards. The main auditorium of the building is now used by the first and second wards, while the room at the back is used by the second ward Relief Society. Originally it was planned that the basement should be used for Sunday school and Mutual work, but when the ward was divided, the second ward finished the part of the house now used for their assembly rooms. The main room seats four hundred people, and there are four class rooms, besides a front room and a furnace room. The grounds cover an area of eleven by thirteen rods, are surrounded by a fence, and will be parked early next spring. The building was dedicated May 8, by President Joseph F. Smith, and on the day of the dedication many former residents of the city came from different parts to attend the exercises.

The alfalfa weevil, a lucern pest which has spread from Salt Lake county to surrounding counties, has done much damage to the alfalfa crop in Tooele, Davis, Summit and parts of Utah counties. This is one of the most serious troubles that the farmers of Utah have ever met with, and the extinction of the pest should receive not only the hearty co-operation of every farmer in the state, but that of every other citizen. In the *Deseret Farmer*, of May 21, the following editorial appears:

"Professor Titus reports that this pest has been in Utah since 1904, and last year (1909) it began to spread from Salt Lake county to adjoining counties. Anyone who has not had actual experience with the insect can hardly appreciate the extent of the loss. Serious injury in the field appears in the distance like frost, but closer examination shows thousands of young worms feeding upon the plants.

"We regard this as the most serious menace to Utah agriculture that has ever appeared, and feel that a united effort should be made at once to check its spread. In relation to methods of control, Professor Titus has the following to advise: "Cut the first crop as early as possible. The ground should be disced and cross-disced as soon as the hay is off, and then gone over with a leveler in the same way. These operations will kill a large percentage of the young worms. Then force the second crop as rapidly as possible and repeat the discing and leveling.

"In a newly infected district, like Tooele county, it would seem to us the part of wisdom to go over the field with a mowing machine, fire and plow. This is a serious problem, farmers of Utah, and needs to be met with every force at our command."

John Hafen, the well known landscape painter, died at Indianap_

olis, Indiana, on the morning of June 3, 1910. His name has been a



JOHN HAFEN.

household word among the people of Utah and the West generally for many years, and in the Church and state publications his work and name were frequently mentioned. Mr. Hafen was born in Scherzingen, Switzerland, in 1857. At the age of five he came with his parents to Utah, and since that time has spent most of his life in the state. He has been abroad several times to pursue his art, and did his most extensive studying in the Julian Academy, Paris. His landscape work, particularly, has attracted great attention. He won the state prize of \$500 for the best painting, in 1900, and in

1902 the medal of honor from the Utah State Art Institute. The same year he received the first prize for the best landscape painting at the state fair. Just prior to the dedication of the Salt Lake temple he labored as a decorator of the interior of that edifice. Recently he has passed much of his time in Indianapolis, where he was engaged in painting portraits of many leading citizens, and had won considerable success in his efforts in this line, as well as in landscape painting. His family was with him at the time of his death, they having left their home in Springville only a few days before, to spend the summer with him. His death was entirely unexpected. He was a man of excellent taste, and was very spiritual-minded in his feelings. He believed that his calling to art came from the Divine Spirit, and this upheld him so that adversity had no power to dull his genius. Funeral services were held in the Provo tabernacle on the



A late Portrait of the Artist John Hafen.

morning of June 9. L. A. Ramsey, the artist and author of the portrait of Joseph Smith, Elder Nephi L. Morris, Dr. George H. Brimhall, Elder B. H. Roberts, and others, spoke in eulogy of his life and labors. His body was buried in the Springville cemetery. On Sunday morning, 5th, at the annual conference of the M. I. A., a fitting tribute was paid to the memory of the artist by Elder Heber J. Grant, who, in addition, read appreciations of his life and work, from a number of Utah artists.

Heber Scowcroft, who was appointed a member of the Auditing Committee of the Church at the late April conference, was only twelve years of age when he came to Utah with his parents. He was born in Tottenham, Lancashire, England, January 21, 1868, and is the son of the late John Scowcroft, who with his wife and five children emigrated from their native land, England, in June, 1880. Heber attended the public schools of Ogden until seventeen years of age, since which time he has been identified with the business established by his father, becoming a partner in the firm of John Scowcroft & Sons Company, one of the large wholesale houses of Utah, in January, 1889. He is also a heavy stockholder and director in the Pingree National Bank, a stockholder in the Bank of Preston, Idaho, and a stockholder and director in the Volker-Scowcroft Lumber Company, besides holding interests in many other commercial organizations of the state.

He was married to Ellen Pingree, a daughter of Job Pingree, in January, 1890. She died in 1900, leaving him three children. In the following year he married Ida Pingree, a sister of his former wife, with whom he has eight children, five of whom are eight years of age and under. He has occupied a number of Church positions, being counselor to President John L. Herrick, in the Y. M. M. I. A. of the second ward, Ogden, in 1896. He was second assistant to A. McLaren Boyle, in the superintendency of the second ward Sunday school, in 1897. When, in 1889, John L. Herrick was called to fill the position of superintendent of the Weber Stake Y. M. M. I. A., Heber was called as his second assistant, in which position he labored faithfully for many years, and was released in 1901 to act in the bishopric of the second ward, as counselor to Bishop Robert McQuarrie. In 1904, when the parents class movement was first agitated, the second ward of Ogden was selected for the experiment, and Heber Scowcroft was chosen to take charge and supervise the first class thus organized in the Church. The experiment was a success, and other classes were proposed in other wards. He assisted in launching this movement, being later made a member in the Weber stake Sunday school board, laboring in the parents' department, with Judge H. H. Rolapp at the head. After the division of

the Weber stake into three, in 1908, he was chosen a member of the high council of the Weber stake, which position he still holds. In the fall of 1909, when the Betterment League was organized in Ogden, at the head of which is Elder David O. McKay, of the quorum of twelve apostles, Heber Scowcroft was chosen by the president as chairman of the executive committee of the league, and he has devoted much time to this organization, which promises much for the civic betterment of Ogden. He has held no political offices, though often importuned to accept the nomination for member of the city council; and for mayor in two different campaigns. He has always contended that his spare time was better taken up with Church work, and that he could not well accept the political positions, since in them he would have to cater, to some extent, to the liquor and sporting elements of the city. He is a strong advocate of public education, and is also a patron and advocate of Church schools, being at present a member and secretary of the Board of Education of the Weber Stake Academy, located in Ogden. He is a young man of splendid business ability, strong in moral qualities, and one of the most energetic Church workers in the community.

Theodore Roosevelt received the degree of D. C. L. at Oxford on June 7th, on which occasion he delivered his Romanes lecture which dealt with "Biological Analogies in History." The ceremony took place in the Sheldonian Theatre, where for three hundred years and more it has been the custom to hold these exercises. His reception surpassed in enthusiasm anything within the memory of the oldest Oxonians. Following the lecture, Mr. Roosevelt and one hundred and fifty Americans, including the Rhodes scholars, lunched together. Here is an extract from the close of his sermon:

I believe that we, of the great civilized nations of today, have a right to feel that long careers of achievement lie before our several countries. To each of us is vouchsafed the honorable privilege of doing his part, however small, in that work. Let us strive hardily for success, even if by so doing we risk failure, spurning the poorer souls of small endeavor, who know neither failure nor success. Let us hope that our own blood shall continue in the land, that our children and children's children, to endless generations, shall rise to take our places and play a mighty and dominant part in the world. But whether this be denied or granted by the years we shall not see, let at least the satisfaction be ours that we have carried onward the lighted torch in our own day and generation. If we do this, then, as our eyes close and we go out into the darkness, and other hands grasp the torch, at least we can say that our part has been borne well and valiantly.

Col. Roosevelt arrived in New York June 18, having sailed from there March 23, 1909.

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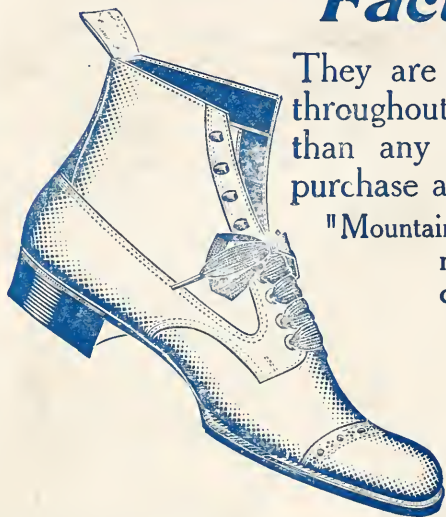
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